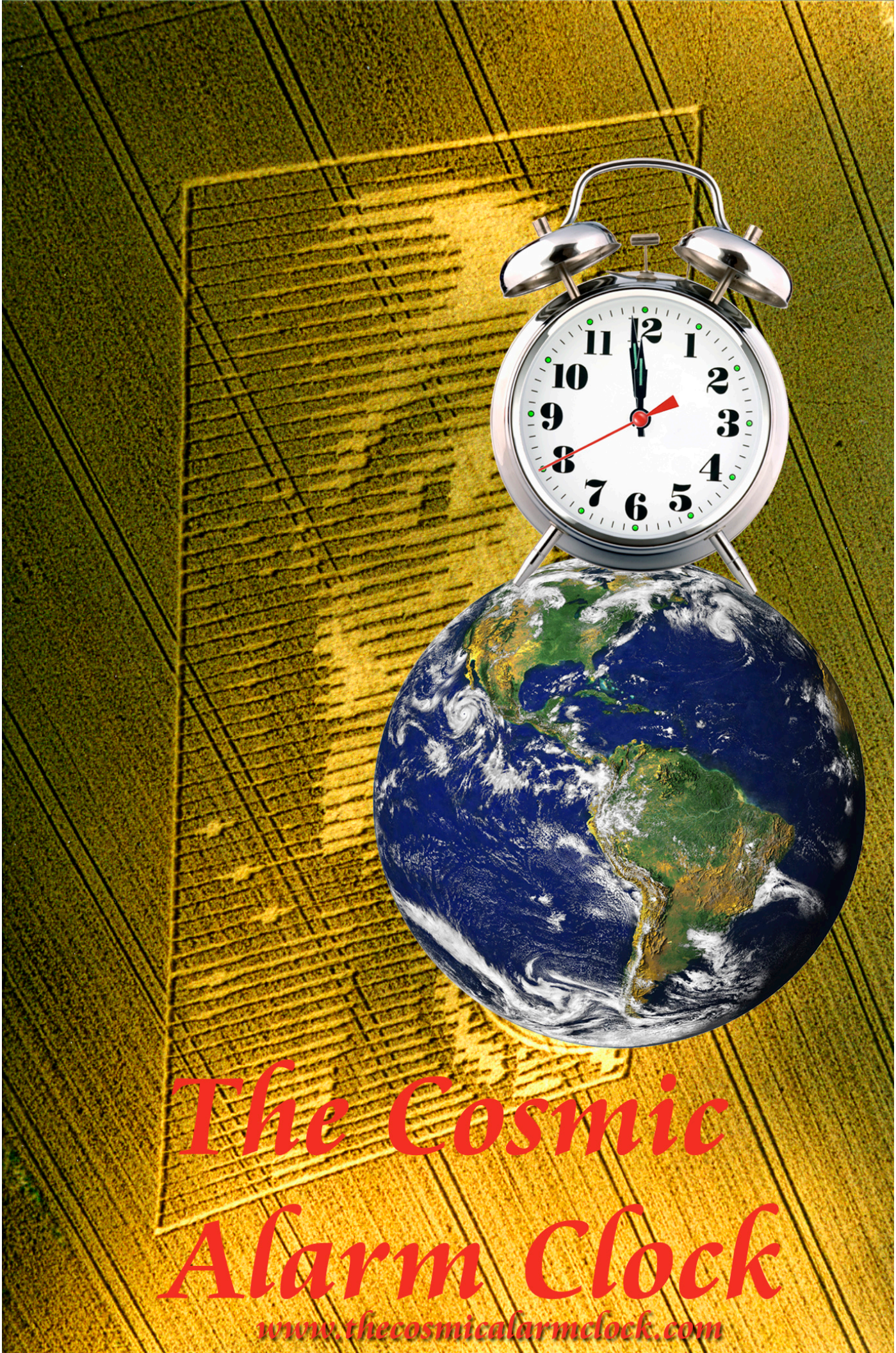
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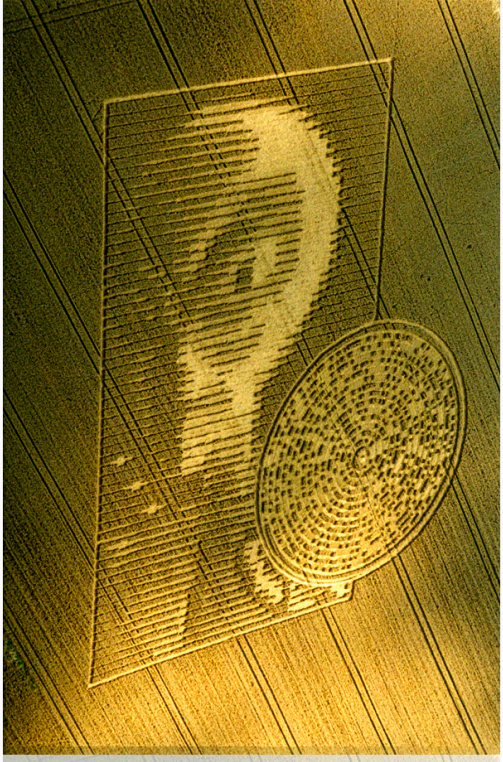
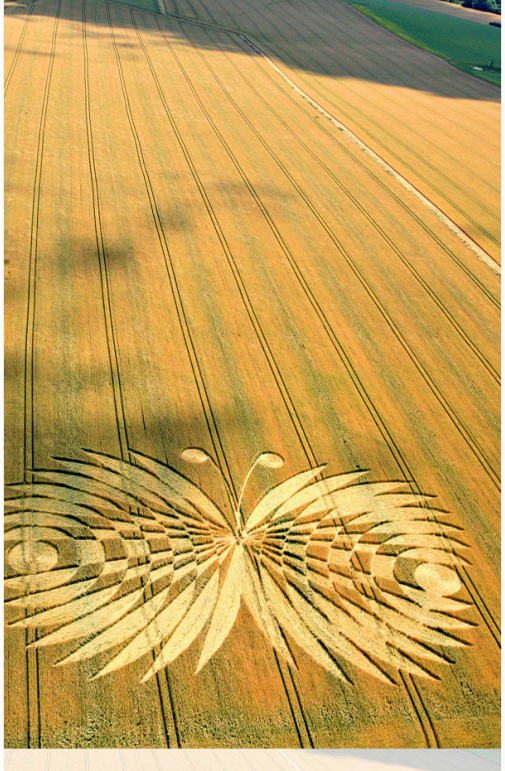


This striking image of an Alien presenting an encoded disc appeared the night of August 15, 2002 near Salisbury England. The site on Vale Farm is approximately 8 miles from the Chilbolton Radio Telescope, long used to attempt communication with other intelligent forms of life throughout the universe. The message conveyed via binary code developed by NASA to communicate with Extra Terrestrial life reads: “Beware the bearers of false gifts and their broken promises. Much pain but still time. There is good out there. We oppose deception.”



On July 17, 2007, beginning at 11:11 AM Greenwich Mean Time, people the world over united in meditation to “Fire the Grid”, to extend loving support to the vital energetic pathways of Gaia, our beloved Earth Mother.
In appreciation, this stylized butterfly appeared in a field of wheat the night prior in Oxfordshire, England. A butterfly, representing humanity’s awakenening from isolated, cocooned slumber, into awakened, winged beauty. How appropriate!

The Cosmic Alarm Clock

David Thatcher

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Cover images courtesy of lucypringle@aol.co.uk
Blue Marble image of Earth on front cover courtesy of NASA

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Don't shoot me. I'm only A messenger. Not THE messenger. THE messenger has been shot and killed many times over. This time there are messengers legion in number all over the planet declaring the same thing. There is no point to shooting or arresting me or any others, because a chorus of similar voices is now being heard. It is Time. We are Awakening to our Spiritual Source now.

This book is dedicated to Uranda, Aumra and Sri AmmaBhagavan.

Foreword

"The dawn of this new civilisation, which we may call the Golden Age, is the single most explosive fact of our lifetimes. We have a destiny to create a state of consciousness that is oneness with all that is." Sri Bhagavan [1]

.

Initially I thought I would call this, "The Baby Boomer's Cosmic Alarm Clock", but it is not just for the Boomer Generation. We Boomers embody a tidal wave of awakening consciousness and hold particular responsibility for this outworking, but it is for everyone on the planet. I've called it The Cosmic Alarm Clock, but if you're a Boomer, this book is especially for you.

Disclaimer: There may be some details which are, or eventually prove to be, inaccurate. I offer what follows to the best of my ability, without prejudice, in support of Life, during this critical time on planet earth.

Introduction

The Cosmic Alarm Clock has a life all its own. While in retreat in India, I awoke repeatedly at 3:00 a.m. compelled to write. I put pen to paper until around 5:30 a.m. and then returned to bed until arising around 7:30 a.m. each day. This passionate compulsion persisted for five weeks. By saying this I do not mean the book is channelled. The indwelling spirit which is the very source of life for this human capacity/personality required that this material be written and made available to any interested.

This book comes in answer to my lifelong, human existential questions: Who are we? Why am I here? Why is life on earth so messed up? It is as if my entire life has served as grist for the milling of The Cosmic Alarm Clock.

Do I believe all that is expressed in this book? I neither believe nor disbelieve. The material simply "is". We each live on this planet, yet we each experience life in ways uniquely our own. What is conveyed here comes through my extensive paranormal experience, substantiated with corroborating research material, and presents an uncommon overview to our shared human experience over the past 18,000 years.

It is usual for an author to present some biographical detail, but I would suggest the biographical format of The Cosmic Alarm Clock conveys easily enough about this human character. My life is simply my life, not unlike most others. Most important to me is being open to express Spirit, founded upon the human personality being transparent to Spirit. This has been and remains my deepest passion. Such transparency has allowed this book to appear. This growing transparency, this receding of ego, is the most significant event currently underway on earth. As we become transparent to Spirit, more light shines through the human capacity into the world we share.

This book is presented in a biographical manner as "my story". It is my hope that this progression which we share as human beings, beginning as an infant in a crib, through childhood, adolescence and into adulthood, will help what is conveyed in these few pages to be more easily accepted and understood. At the level of "human being" I am as much in awe of the perspective and overview presented in this book as you may be reading this material for the first time.

We are awakening to our multidimensional Spiritual source, to our oneness with all life throughout the universe. It is time to love one another and herald the emerging Golden Age. It is time to step beyond the trauma-based insanity of creating Prison Planet Earth.

Welcome Home!

CHAPTER ONE

WE ARE ONE

> *As I floated outside the Lunar Module on Apollo 9, looking down at the heart- stopping beauty of the earth, a message penetrated the technological insulation of my spacesuit. It was very personal. It was pure, like the ring of fine crystal.*
>
> *The message said, 'I am one with this planet. I am one with all people. I am one with all life.' Rusty Schweikart* [2.]

My life, from infancy to today, has been filled with out-of-body experiences, astral travel, awareness of parallel realities, past life recall, medical empathy, an ability to see auras and to heal. I've seen three UFO's so far, one of them vigorously intent to clean up chemtrails over southern Vancouver Island. I've seen countless orbs. In fact, as I astral travelled one afternoon, I saw myself reflected in a mirror as a golden orb. All this has served to emphasize, as Rusty Schweikart notes above, that I am one with this planet. I am one with all people. I am one with all life. I wish to convey via what follows that this is true for each and every one of us.

I mentioned such observations, insights and experiences initially to my mother and father, then throughout my lifetime to friends and lovers. Often, as I rest my head on a pillow at night, I don't go to sleep; rather, I remain conscious as my awareness shifts to other dimensions of myself, and sometimes speak about my observations, in running commentary, to my partner.

Many have asked, over the years, when hearing of my experiences, "Have you written a book about this?" I have not until now because others have had similar insight. The unique contribution offered here is made possible by the sheer number, multi-dimensional scope, and sweeping overview presented to me through peepholes into numerous lifetimes, reaching back through recorded and pre-recorded history, through Atlantis into Lemuria. It is possible that others will find similar ancient memory stirring as our re-awakening to spiritual source accelerates in our immediate future.

Countless thousands, probably millions, have had NDE's, near-death experiences. Most trauma victims go out of body to deal with the horror of their beating, rape, torture or abuse. The experience is so common, our language has embedded within it a phrase, describing how we cope with such atrocity. Victims are "beside themselves" with fear or pain. Spirit goes out of body, beside the body, to be more objective and to mitigate the pain. Countless medical staff, including doctors, nurses, paramedics and medical attendants have had "paranormal" experiences with their patients and accident victims.

One good friend, now an ambulance attendant in Powell River, on a call early in his paramedical career, found himself at the scene of a single vehicle accident, in which the sole occupant of the

car had had a heart attack at the wheel, drove off the road, impacted a tree and died. As my friend was zipping up the body bag, he suddenly was aware of the "ghost" of the dead man peering over his right shoulder, looking at what had been his body. The deceased fellow declared, "That's it? I'm dead?" Fortunately my friend had some experience in realms beyond the physical, and was able to console the spirit, and make it perfectly clear that the physical body no longer served him, but that he, in Spirit, was fine, a bit traumatized and surprised, but just fine. My friend helped the fellow release earthly attachments and move on to higher realms.

We are at a critical time in the development of human consciousness and it is a critical time for planet earth. It is time to openly consider such experiences as these, because they are not uncommon. It has merely become cultural habit not to talk about such things for fear of sounding "weird." Ironically, if we don't acknowledge how "weird" we really are, life on planet earth will soon become far "weirder"!

I hope you'll find the adventures which follow both interesting and useful in your life. The intent of these stories is not to present my autobiography. I have some concern my "story" may detract from the unique overview conveyed in the book, but I have yet to discover a better way to present this information. If you find yourself bogging down in "story", please skip forward. I believe you will be amply rewarded!

Throughout the book I reveal, through personal experience, that we are Spirit, incarnate. The spirit now expressing through each of our human capacities has been incarnate many times throughout recorded and pre-recorded history, and further back into mythological time, to Atlantis, and Lemuria, prior to what is spoken of as "The Fall", into a previous, long forgotten Golden Age. These memories and insights offer glimpses of a larger perspective which, if they can assist you to deepen your connection with Spirit, will serve their purpose. Chapter 9 presents an overview you may find helpful, even inspiring. Chapter 12 begins an exploration of the "hardball" dynamics outworking on the world stage, as shadow concepts of Prison Planet Earth find increasingly stark definition in the dawning light of this now emerging Golden Age.

In this book I note the similarities apparent in individual and mass trauma, in multiple personality disorder in the individual and in collective "multiple personality disorder" (ie. we each think we are alone and separate), and in individual and collective amnesia. I suggest that mass trauma from a specific event in our collective ancient past has split humanity into the approximately 6.8 billion apparently separate personalities now re-awakening into Oneness, into the One I Am, the One We Are. I also suggest that the fearful ego, experienced as separate from its spiritual source, is driven to induce further trauma, and that this fractured psychosis comes to focus in the satanic ritualised abuse and sacrifice carefully hidden at the core of the Roman Catholic Church, particularly in the Jesuit Order, in Masonic Lodges, in the Ordo Templi Orientus, in Zionist and in other secretly satanic organizations.

I suggest that this sadistic, vicious, visceral, luciferian denial of spirit has long served as the focus of Hell known on earth these past 18,000 years, yet it is nothing separate from and is in fact an integral part of our collective "fallen" human experience. Those who bring this shadow to focus are not separate from the One We are. There is no "other" to judge, condemn or cast out. The "illusory" experience of separation and isolation we have known as human beings, filled

with judgement, blame and accusation, as pain-filled as it is and has been here in 3D, is now coming to its inevitable conclusion. We are re-awakening to our spiritual source, to our union in Spirit, and are entering the next Golden Age. It is up to us individually and collectively to reveal how graceful, or less than graceful, this transition will be.

You may require further corroborating detail. This book is deliberately brief and merely touches upon many points, intent to quickly present an overview of uncommon perspective. For greater depth, background and detail please pursue the 60 or so websites linked to www.thecosmicalarmclock.com, its related blog The Cosmic Alarm Clock News and the many books and DVD's recommended in the resource section near the end of the book. Regarding the satanic theme, please explore the online blog "course" posted on December 21, 2010 entitled, "**PORNOGRAPHIC SNUFF FILMS, SATANIC RITUAL ABUSE, TORTURE. WHY IS THIS THE NEW WAVE OF TITILLATING CINEMATIC REVERIE?**" and follow the various links to numerous videos, articles and websites. This may well change the way you view and experience the world.

We existed in Spirit before we became aware of the human personality we have thought ourselves to be, and we will continue after the human vehicle of body, mind and emotion is gone. We are all having similar multidimensional experiences, because we are all multidimensional beings. For reasons unknown to me, I'm more aware of such activity than most. Because of this awareness, and because of what is occurring on the world stage, I share what follows, hopeful this information will assist with the vital awakening to Spirit currently underway.

We hold far more responsibility for this time and circumstance than we give ourselves credit for. As Werner Erhard well expressed it some years ago, "If we don't wake up to where we're going, we'll end up where we're headed!" [3]

We lead busy lives. We don't have much time, either for reading, or for getting this grand project of awakening completed. This book will be brief.

I'm one of the Boomer Generation, born in 1949. I didn't go to Woodstock, but many friends did. I have a dream to share which has run through my mind countless times since those halcyon days in the late '60s and early '70s.

We, the Boomer Generation, incarnated with a specific job to accomplish. For many, conscious awakening to Spirit began to take focus. We caught glimpses of a world which could work far differently than the dysfunctional one we saw around us. Our world now, as then, appears to be run by grade-3 delinquents, elected by a stampede of crazed lemmings.

Forty years ago we held our peace protests and marches, experimented with mind-altering drugs, and made some attempts to change the world. We found those in charge didn't want to change. John Kennedy was assassinated, just like Mahatma Gandhi 15 years earlier, then Malcolm X, Martin Luther King, Bobby Kennedy, Stephen Biko, John Lennon, Olaf Palme, Princess Diana, and countless others. Now, as I write this book, Benazir Bhutto sadly adds her name to this seemingly endless list. Inspiring leaders are murdered so a dying consciousness can squeak out a few more days of apparent control on our beleaguered blue planet.

In this book, I demonstrate that Spirit remains free. I reveal, repeatedly, that we are consciously reuniting with Spirit, bringing, if you will, heaven to earth. Bullets, bombs, fabricated terrorism, "false flag operations," and all the insane conspiring this world can muster, cannot, and will not, shackle our Spirit, which is rising in each and every one of us, even in those who believe they want to control the rest of us and all life that is this planet.

We Boomers embody a tidal wave of awakening consciousness. Many continued in a Herculean struggle, tackling resistance to change head on. Some went to the left, some to the right. Many more went underground. Some thought fighting for peace would finally end the battle. Even more entered the heart of empire: the corporate world and big government. Others rose to positions of power in the religious establishment.

My dream is that, having thoroughly infiltrated the established order, we will cast off our fallen human façades and awaken to the vast Spiritual Being we truly are. Aware of being one with all life, we thus turn to compassionately help the people and circumstances around us, discarding habits of abuse, greed and manipulation founded upon supposed self-gain. As we each step out of isolated, self-seeking postures, we fulfil our destined role in this Shift of The Ages averting what otherwise appears to be the imminent lockdown of Prison Planet, Earth.

Like a deftly placed time release capsule you may find yourself corporate CEO of a vast multinational conglomerate, a media empire, a publishing dynasty, a pharmaceutical juggernaut, an oil cartel. Maybe you're President or Prime Minister of a nation, a cabinet minister, an advisor. Maybe you're a brilliant research chemist, a teacher, a housewife. Maybe you're a high-level intelligence operative and deep in your heart you are more than tired of what you see and do. Maybe you're a grunt in the US Marine Corp, or a suicide bomber about to give your life to your concept of God and purpose, and you're wondering what in hell you've gotten yourself into. Maybe you're an average person just trying to have a life, thank you. Maybe you've been chewed up by the insanity and inequity of this world, and you're on the street. Your vision now comes to focus on the needle in your arm, or on the bottom of your next bottle.

The time is now. The Cosmic Alarm Clock is ringing. If you've been waiting for a signal to fulfil your deeper destiny, to compassionately take responsibility for yourself and the world you directly affect, the time is now.

As John, Paul, George and Ringo sang in 1967, "Love is all there is". [4]

CHAPTER TWO

ORIGINAL SIN ─ LET'S MOVE BEYOND IT

We're not from "here," you know. Our bodies grew in utero, and emerged after nine months. Most of us scarcely remember any of the first two to three years of our lives. Most recall bits and pieces of their human experience and personality developing over time. But that personality didn't create your body, mind and emotions. You've just awakened to being present in the midst of all this.

As bizarre as some of my experiences which follow might seem, and believe me, they have appeared as both blessing and curse to me, I've had to live with the reality of them. From early 1949 to sometime in 1952, from an infant to around age three, I would consciously fly in the universe after leaving, or before entering, my little body. I loved the experience of flying. This is something most of us recall as children. Then the odd part would occur. I'd feel electrical jolts and I would find myself in a big, puffy thing. It felt like a marshmallow. When I first began to speak, I spoke to my mother about my "marshmallow body".

I remember leaving my body, heading out into The Milky Way towards The Pleiades, then returning in the morning, scores, probably hundreds of times. It was normal for me. Little did I know that what I found to be normal, my parents and anyone else I eventually spoke with about my experiences, found to be very unusual.

Beyond all this, thankfully, my parents loved and supported me. They have both passed on now, and we're still in touch. I'll tell you more about this later. I love them deeply. I've seen some of the many lifetimes we've spent together, just as you have shared other lifetimes with so many loved ones close to you. You may not remember, but it's true.

Together, at another level of ourselves, we created our bodies, our minds, our emotions, even this jewel of a planet. Along the way we've made some choices, and we now find ourselves experiencing the inevitable result of those choices.

At the core of choice we have heard, and deep in ancient memory we have some inkling, that we chose an original "sin". *Sin*, in Spanish, from the Latin "*sine*", means "without", and our "sin" was, and remains, very simple, but profound in its ramifications. We have chosen to deny Spirit, and without Spirit, without celestial vision and purpose, we've become like dogs chasing our tails, in ultimately fruitless, exhausting circles. Without Spirit, we destroy our environment. Without Spirit we ultimately destroy even ourselves. We have proven this repeatedly throughout recorded, and pre-recorded, history. We are poised to do it again.

My dream is for us to awaken from our trauma-seared, amnesia-based drama, and collectively steward our planet out of intergalactic quarantine, back into the loving, celestial currents which flow throughout the universe. We are here to reclaim our place amidst the stars. Forget empire building! Forget bombastic, defensive positions which create "others" as evil, to be overcome, and eliminated! Forget Prison Planet Earth! Forget Star Wars! These fundamentally flawed postures keep us isolated from the rest of the universe, fighting endlessly amongst ourselves and

at odds with the rest of creation. There is only one ─ one consciousness, one spirit. I am you. You are me. We are one, together, here on earth and throughout the universe. This life here on earth is our creation together, our shared dream. It does not need to be the nightmare it is.

If you work or act in any capacity that does not serve the good of all, just to pay the mortgage, just to be victorious in today's deal, exercising one-upmanship over some other poor sod purely for self-gain, stop. Breathe. Feel your heart. Step back for a better look. Your life is vastly more than this.

Chief Seattle wrote, in a letter to President Franklin Pierce, in 1855, as empire consumed his land, his nation, and his people:

> *How can you buy or sell the sky … the warmth of the land? The idea is strange to us. We do not own the freshness of the air or the sparkle of the water. How can you buy them from us? Every part of this earth is sacred to my people. We know that the white man does not understand our ways … for he is a stranger who comes in the night and takes from the land whatever he needs. The earth is not his brother, but his enemy, and when he has conquered it he moves on … but perhaps I am a savage and do not understand.… The air is precious to the Redman, for all things share the same breath, the beasts, the trees, the man. The white man does not seem to notice the air he breathes. Like a man dying for many days, he is numb to the stench. One thing we know which the white man may one day discover. Our God is the same God. You may think now that you own him as you wish to own our land. But you cannot. He is the Body of Man. This earth is precious to Him.* [5]

Step back. Let go of preoccupation with the world. Our far deeper gift is to express the will of Spirit, not to force our way around the world of form.

CHAPTER THREE

DISCOVERY

When I was seven I went on a major camping expedition in the back yard. I had a new "Woods" canvas tent, a sleeping bag, and I used my father's old painting drop sheet as a ground sheet. I was awakened by a strange, high pitched squealing in my ear. I listened carefully. It wasn't inside my head. It was definitely outside. Carefully, so I didn't move my head, I grabbed my flashlight, rolled back the groundsheet, lifted my head and focused the light on the source of all this noise. Two brown ants were standing on their hind legs squealing back and forth at each other. Wow! What an amazing discovery I'd made. I told my parents the next morning, but as I recall, they weren't particularly impressed.

Even more essential is what I discovered a few years later. Perhaps you've noticed this phenomenon operating in your life too. What we focus on grows. We attract things by our interest in them, even an obscure experience like hearing ants communicate by squealing at one another. When I was eleven, a tiny, one-inch column piece in the London Free Press caught my eye. It ran something like, "Florida research entomologist discovers ants communicate by standing on their hind legs and squealing at each other."

In an instant I recognised two important things. One, I could personally be at the leading edge of human discovery and two, without any trying, exactly the pieces needed for discovery come into view. This phenomenon has continued throughout my life as the stories which follow will reveal.

As a small boy I used to wonder why, when boys were playing, they automatically wanted to kill everything that moved: ants, frogs, butterflies, praying mantises, birds, squirrels and more, were all killed for "fun." As I grew older, I found the same phenomenon continued. Killing living creatures for pleasure was "normal." Buffalo, deer, bear, cougar and more were all killed for "fun". I sadly observed domesticated animals were often similarly disrespected and abused. Many a domesticated animal might rather have wished it were dead.

Planet Earth. What a strange place. Something had gone terribly wrong, it seemed to me, but what, and when, and why?

I was seven years old and I began to pray each night to understand life on earth, to understand what was going on because it seemed to be a very strange place, indeed. What follows represents an overview to the answer I've received to this prayer.

At age nine, I began my paper route which served as a reasonable source of income for a young boy, but even better, this provided an opportunity to develop some interpersonal skills which have served me well throughout my life. When I got the route it had 47 customers and when I passed it on to my younger brother Doug, some years later, there were 83.

Doug and I often chuckled because it would take me, easily, two full evenings to collect monies due every two weeks, sometimes even three. He would rocket through and have it all collected in

one night. I enjoyed conversing with my customers. Many were the remarkable life stories I heard. Most memorable among them was the tale told by the elderly, delightfully wise Mrs. Hunt, whose husband had been killed during the Second World War. She told me of the Tuesday night she'd gone to bed, and been awash with dreams of battle and had seen her husband shot. She worried for his safety, but felt in her heart he had been killed.

A few days later the Canadian Government notified her that her husband had indeed been killed in battle in France. She told me how he'd come to her in Spirit, to let her know he was all right. His body had been killed, but he, in Spirit, was fine. This inner knowledge comforted her deeply. She explained that this type of transcendent experience was quite common between married couples and family members throughout the war. She spoke of a connection which exists in Spirit, beyond the physical, which showed how she and her husband and all of us are somehow connected at other levels of existence, beyond physical form.

When I was 11 I sat next to my mother in our neighbourhood Anglican Church. Canon Abraham was an inspiring speaker and a good friend of my parents. He'd come to our house for dinner and would sometimes stay with us at the cottage we rented each summer. I enjoyed his stories, his sermons, but this time, WOW! I often saw auras and had learned not to speak about them, but this time the Canon was delivering a spectacular light show! Etched in my memory, I can still see radiant yellow around his head, tinged with blues and most remarkably, like a cock's comb, red blazing out the top of his head. I had to tell my mother. She of course "shushed" me, and I couldn't and didn't ever talk with her about auras again.

Age 11 was a very interesting year in my developing awareness. It was 1960, the peak of the Cold War. The Bay of Pigs invasion was soon to occur. Cuba had the support of The Soviet Union and there was grave concern Cuban-based Communism was poised to invade North America. We appeared ripe for the Third World War. This struck me as very strange. The life I knew with family and friends was wonderful. How could this be?

I wrote a letter to President Eisenhower. I acknowledged I was only eleven years old and didn't really understand the details he did about global politics, international monetary policy, world health and population concerns, but beyond all such detail, surely, wasn't there a way through all these concerns to allow peace to reign. Wasn't love the answer?

Such was the gist of my letter which never did find its way to Ike. I felt I was missing something. I thought I simply didn't understand enough of how the world worked to write a letter to the President of the United States. In retrospect, it is possible Ike would have understood what I was attempting to convey, because of what he expressed in his Farewell Address to the Nation as he departed the White House in 1961. A portion of this speech is included later in this book.

Age 13 served as a threshold for me, filled with interesting insights and experience. I had my first near-death experience, and of course I didn't tell my parents. This began a 28-year adventure as an "intercessor," helping prisoners all over the planet who were being tortured. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

Inverhuron, on the eastern shore of Lake Huron, had been a wonderful port town back in the 1850s, clearly superior to its nearby rival, Kincardine, a few miles to the south. Nature had blessed it not only with a river, but about 300 yards offshore, running parallel to the shore, protecting the mouth of the river, rested a massive limestone monolith, just a couple of feet below the lake's surface. Engineering genius could not have created a more perfect breakwater.

Kincardine and Inverhuron were thriving, competing port towns, until some decisive clansmen from Kincardine stole into Inverhuron one dark night in the 1850s, and burned the entire town to the ground. As a boy I used to enjoy sifting through the ruins of the old buildings, still evident over 100 years later, to find antique square nails, a cast iron door knocker, even rare Huron Indian arrow heads. Once I found the head of a savage stone tomahawk, with dried blood still visible on one rounded, blunt end. That stayed in my treasure chest for years!

Bruce Lippert and I were good summer-time friends. He had a 1928 canvas and wood Peterborough outrigger canoe. We used to sail and paddle it especially around the breakwater. And, most particularly, we enjoyed braving the summer's worst storms. Lake Huron, like Lake Superior, is known for her legendary storms. One hundred eighty miles across, fierce winds can whip up 10-to-15 foot swells that have sent many an ocean-going vessel to the bottom.

Bruce and I would enthusiastically remove the sail and outrigger from the old Peterborough and paddle out to the breakwater. The swells this time were so good we'd invited our friends to watch from shore. We'd carefully count wave sets to catch a prime swell. The breakwater would trip the swell which would curl, but shore wasn't for another 300 yards. We'd paddle like fiends to catch the crest and ride the monster in our clumsy, ageing surfboard, me in front, Bruce in rear, nearly to shore, then peel off the backside before the wave crashed ashore, and head out to catch another. All went swimmingly well until we missed peeling off the backside of an especially big curl. The canoe flipped over with me inside. Filled with water, the canoe lodged itself in shallow water on the beach with me trapped lengthwise beneath it.

I'm sure you've noticed the resistance that exists pulling an upside-down glass filled with water from the dishpan. Imagine an old two-man canvas and wood canoe, filled with water, upside down and sealed to the shallows of a sandy beach. I was trapped underneath, face in the sand. I tried to lift the canoe and stand up. I was of reasonably athletic build, but it was impossible. I gave it everything I had, but to no avail. I started to inhale water, and the next thing I knew, a deep peace washed over me and I slipped out of my body, and began rising faster and faster. I entered the bottom end of a long tunnel and accelerated up, up the tunnel, to the light.

I was greeted by an authoritative fellow who appeared to know my situation precisely. He promptly told me it was not my time, that I had a job to do and I was going back. Like a rocket, I shot back down the tunnel. Boom! The adrenaline rush left no room for error. I was back in my body and simply picked up the canoe. The water seal broke somewhere behind me, the water poured out, and I stood like a heroic iron man holding the canoe above my head. Dazed, I stood long enough to see my friends clapping and shouting, "Good one Dave, you had us worried. We didn't know where you were."

I dropped the canoe to my left and fell to the beach, coughing up water and gasping for air.

Forty-five years later, this dramatic experience remains clearly etched in my memory. Passionate interest in knowing the answers to life's big questions through direct experience was securing itself solidly in my sense of vision and purpose.

I coasted, bored with what I found to be a dumbing-down process in school. I continued to read, research and explore personal interests on my own, often in London's excellent public libraries. Later, in grades 11 and 12, I was fortunate to be chosen to participate in an experimental educational program, a two-year course crafted by Marion Woodman. Following this two-year adventure, Marion went on to study Jungian psychiatry and become revered the world over for her pioneering thought, expressed through her well-known books and lectures.

The experience with Marion was food for the soul, genuine learning. Marks soared. Grades 11 and 12 were filled with exhilaration, considering the thoughts of P.D. James, Ouspensky, Homer, Salinger, Blavatsky, Leadbeater, Gurdjieff and Hesse among others. We would meet and converse with many of Canada's best writers and thinkers of the day. I recall time spent with author Margaret Atwood, playwright James Reaney, and weekend retreat T-groups headed by visiting world-class presenters. We'd consider the current work of Fritz Perls, enjoy an evening séance, play with a Ouija board and the subconscious, and then consider the thinking and exploration of James Joyce, Jung and Freud. This was real learning! I longed for genuine understanding, and Marion provided a taste. Thank you, Marion!

I wanted to know the real history of the earth, not the whitewashed, politically motivated prattle designed by "the victors" to deceive the masses and undergird their control. I wanted to know the nature of the universe, how it was constellated and why, the nature of consciousness, spirit, matter, the speed of light, where we go at night, why little boys automatically torture and kill everything. I wanted to understand what's wrong, what had happened here on earth?

Jacob Needleman caught my attention late one night while reading his book, The New Religions. Well connected with the awakening scene in Haight Ashbury, San Francisco, the West Coast and further afield, Needleman focused on what would prove to be my passion for the next 20 years: intentional and spiritual community.

They were popping up all over the world, these communities, which functioned like greenhouses nurturing new awareness and consciousness. I began corresponding with Peter and Eileen Caddy and Dorothy MacLean at Findhorn, in Scotland; with Steve Gaskin at the Farm in Tennessee; with Jean Vanier and Barbara Swannecamp at L'Arche in France; with people at Sri Aurobindo's community, Auroville, in India; and with Swami Kriyananda at Ananda Co-operative Village near Nevada City, California. This project took on a life of its own and over the next few years, I was in touch with over two hundred of these pioneering groups and their inspiring leaders worldwide.

CHAPTER FOUR

FURTHER DISCOVERY

My father was an insurance executive with a broad array of interests and talents. He was an occasional thespian, a great storyteller, a good athlete and a reasonable musician. Friends described him as a good "all rounder". These varied interests resulted in lots of books around the house. I found a developing interest in business, particularly in salesmanship. While reading Norman Vincent Peale's classic, The Power of Positive Thinking, and writing summarising notes for myself, a voice spoke clearly inside my head saying, "This is interesting, but there is one very important thing you'll need to know before any of this can be of real use to you."

Spirit, awareness from another dimension, was growing stronger.

In the late summer of 1962 I was 13. My family and I returned to London, arriving home from the beach where I'd nearly drowned. I hadn't mentioned this nearly fatal adventure to my parents, of course. I simply said Bruce and I had had an exciting time out on the beach in the storm. I browsed through my father's library, selected and began reading another book.

Dry Guillotine explored the horrors of the notorious penal colonies of French Guyana. You may recall the movie which appeared some years later about this human atrocity, entitled "Papillon".

I devoured the first section of this book, reading in bed, as was my wont. At perhaps 11:00 p.m. I turned out the light and lay there about to go to sleep, but I didn't go to sleep. As in my recent NDE on the beach, I went out of body, up, up, and, my God, it was dark. I could see lights. I descended, came in closer over an ancient, rambling, fortress-like structure. There were lights on in the courtyard here and there. To the lower right, off the courtyard, were stairs leading down. I floated down the steps into the catacombs below. It was dark, damp, a living hell. I first felt, then saw, the men in solitary confinement in their cells. I'd pause and feel the pain, the despair, the living hell of men being tortured beyond what man can endure.

"Jesus Christ!" I thought. "This is unbelievable!" I paused, coming closer to man after man, each one restlessly attempting to sleep in fits and starts in the wee hours of the night. I received their pain. Tears wash down my face now as I write this. Our inhumanity to one another is beyond comprehension. I received each one in my heart. I blessed them one after another. What else could I do?

I went to sleep.

I awoke, and mentioned to my Father over breakfast—it was a Saturday that Dry Guillotine was an amazing book. We considered such horrors in the world. I didn't speak about what I have since discovered is called "astral travel".

So began a 28-year chapter in my life. As I continued reading about the travesty that was that notorious French penal colony, I continued, night after night, to return and bless those men locked away in their living hell. For the next 28 years (I find my life punctuated in 7's and 12's)

I visited hundreds of such prisoners, put away for countless years, all over the world, in Central America, South America, the USA, Canada, Africa, the Middle East, Europe and China.

At one point I contacted Amnesty International and conveyed specifics to them about what I was seeing. They found my observations interesting, but said they were amply busy taking care of what was already on their plate. Some years later, as I researched Devil's Island, I learned it had been closed in 1952 under the pressure of mounting public scrutiny. This meant that what I had observed somehow continued to exist beyond the boundaries, the dimensions, of what we normally consider to be time.

Moving a few years ahead to 1989, Carol, my former wife, and I were in bed at 11:15 p.m., having seen the first breaking news about the student revolt in Tiananmen Square, Beijing, China. I closed my eyes and my well-practised window of consciousness, my third eye, filled with a panoramic vista over China. As often occurred, I asked Carol if she'd like me to give her a running commentary, expressing aloud what came into view. I suggested this was going to be an especially interesting adventure. She replied, "Yes," and the journey continued.

I found myself high above China, presented with an expansive view over that vast nation. I quickly zoomed down to Beijing, to Tiananmen Square. In the lower left of my view, fronting on the square, was a police building. Quickly, I found myself inside the building, in a small, perhaps 10' x 10' cell, with a bare light bulb aglow from the ceiling. On the floor was a naked, 22-year-old male student, at the end of his torture session. The floor was still puddled with water from his electrocution. Kneeling on "all fours," this student leader had been tortured, beaten and electrocuted. Yet this remarkable young man was clear and present. He was not condemning his captors. He viewed the entire situation with huge compassion, including his condition and circumstance. This was a profoundly mature, compassionate, visionary young man/old soul. I blessed him, and found myself ascending from his cell, to again overlook China.

I moved quickly north into a monastery, and descended deep down into the catacombs, akin to the underground scene in The Sound of Music. Clerics and powerful citizens were hurriedly meeting to put into action procedures, obviously rehearsed, aimed at getting strategic people out of danger.

I headed off again, this time further north, to the steppes of Mongolia. It was a clear, crisp, moonlit night. Peasants, four abreast, bound together, were being marched under armed guard to who-knows-where. It was clear that what we were seeing through the Western media as a single, specific event in Beijing, was actually part of a massive crackdown all over China. Nothing of what I saw that night has ever been confirmed by any other source, but I have come to trust my inner vision implicitly.

As an example of this trust, a few years later, in 1998, I took a week-long course at the Monroe Institute, just outside Faber, Virginia. Through a technology titled Hemi-Sync, using frequencies subliminal to normal human consciousness, participants in these courses are often able to go out of body consciously, remote view and visit various "lokas" or dimensions. I took

their Gateway course to see where my lifetime of extensive adventure would find itself, on their larger grid of shared, collective experience.

This particular day we had a guest instructor, Dr. Joe McMoneagle, former head of the CIA covert program based at the Pentagon, code-named "Project Stargate." In a lecture room, Joe prepared us for the exercise to follow, by saying he was going to provide geographical co-ordinates, longitude and latitude, right to the second. These were absolutely precise instructions. We each had a piece of paper, and we were to immediately draw what we saw via our inner vision, the instant he'd given us the co-ordinates. He would then project on a screen a slide of what stood at that exact longitude and latitude. Joe stated the co-ordinates, I drew what I immediately saw, he showed the slide, and my drawing proved to exactly match the silhouette of the Utah badlands projected on the screen.

Moving back to 1965, one Sunday evening at age sixteen, again following reading something in bed, I flipped off the light and as my head touched the pillow, it was as if my head tripped the switch on a projector.

It was June 1883. I was in another body. I stood about 6' tall, weighed around 220 pounds and was pounding spikes as a railroad navvy, laying rails on a spur line of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, just north of Winnipeg, Manitoba.

I watched scenes of this fellow's life unfold in vivid detail for seven nights running. This is, by far, the most detailed review I have yet seen of a past life. Monday evening came and as I laid my head on the pillow, again the movie ran, projected clearly in my third eye, picking up just where the Sunday night episode had left off. By Tuesday night I chuckled with great interest, head hitting the pillow, and said aloud to myself, "Roll 'em!"

The seventh episode closed on a scene in Windsor Station, Montreal, in late October of 1912. I was a bit stouter, had become a section supervisor for the CPR, and my office was in this handsome, venerable station. A passenger train had come west from St. John, this cool October evening. I can still see the proud old iron horse, smoke rising gently from her stack, steam hissing from valves and couplers. My crew gave me their completed check sheets and I gave the engineer the "high sign" to continue west. I hailed the crew to go for a beer in our favourite pub in the station. It was the end of our shift. I paused to stand on a penny weigh scale ─ not to weigh myself; I knew I filled out my 235 pounds well enough ─ it was for the 16-year-old boy watching this life review to peer through time and through that big man's eyes into the bevelled, round mirror and recognise himself. Whew!

I stepped off the scale and caught up with my crew, many of them old friends. We entered the pub and went to our favourite high-backed, horseshoe-shaped seating area, replete with burgundy velvet upholstery, and a big table in the middle of the shoe. Two fellows were seated to my left at the head of the "shoe". I lightly elbowed my friend to my left, as I was sitting down, and inquired, "Remember when we were laying rails just north of Winnipeg?" Like a high speed rolodex, all seven just-seen nights of my previous life flashed before me in high speed review, back to June of 1883, where the series of dreams began, where this fellow was pounding spikes immediately to my left!

Again, I sat up from this dream asking, “What is going on here?”

At age 16, I didn’t know there was a Windsor Station in Montreal. A little research quickly revealed there was such a station. I told my mother about my unusual series of dreams and she said she had some things in the attic I’d enjoy seeing. She left me eating breakfast and soon returned with a large file folder and a number of artefacts, among them a railroad watch, and a pearl-handled penknife. I began reading the sheaf of newspaper articles my mother kept in an old trunk in the attic. My great uncle, Joseph Whitehead, had been one of the contractors who built the Canadian Pacific Railroad. And amazingly, he had contracted the section from north of the Sifton contract, north of Toronto, over the lake-head to Winnipeg. He brought his personal engine, The Countess of Dufferin, a beautiful old wood-burner, by barge up the Red River to Winnipeg for the project. It rests today as a National Historic Monument, outside the Winnipeg Station.

Remarkably, in this past lifetime, I had worked for Joseph Whitehead, who, in this lifetime, is my great uncle.

As a child, I found great pleasure in drawing, in intricate detail, all sorts of old wood and coal-fired engines on the back covers of all my school books. I’d walk, on my own, up to about age eleven, to my parents’ frustration, to the CNR marshalling yards, a good ten to twelve blocks away, where I’d be found chatting with the yardman, switchman, brakeman, and if I was really lucky, an engineer. Where did my childhood passion for the railroad come from? That is easily answered. From my past life!

Several years later, on Saltspring Island, an old railroader, whose home was filled with steam-era railroad memorabilia, was thrilled to hear my story. He assured me that the pub I described was exactly the way it was until renovated many years later. He had worked most of his life for the CPR, based at Windsor Station.

In July 1967, when I was 18 years old, my father died; then, within the next few months, my remaining two uncles died; then my grandfather. This was a traumatic time indeed. Feeling abandoned by my male elders, other gentlemen graciously, and generously, came to fill the void. I was fortunate indeed. Richard Ivey (The Richard Ivey School of Business) had been a friend of my father. Richard counselled and coached me, and offered his support in numerous ways through my teenage years and into my early 20s.

In the summer months, during my years at the University of Western Ontario, I acquired a series of federal grants to create various co-operative businesses in London, with friends. Richard would brainstorm with me and offer not simply ideas but support in the form of contacts, introductions, office equipment, and furniture, anything he could. Thanks, Richard! And Hymie Ginsberg, a wonderful gentleman, pillar of the London Jewish community and ally of the Rabbi, took me under his wing. Many were the in-depth conversations and possible life directions considered in his office upstairs at the old Victoria Tavern. These remarkable gentlemen offered inspiration, mentorship and extraordinary opportunity, so I have only myself to blame for the unusual route my life has taken.

My deeply running passion to answer life's big questions, fuelled by so many unusual insights and experiences, moved me from a certain yellow brick road onto a road much less travelled. In the first year of an undergraduate business course, leading to Business School and an MBA, my direction was rather clearly laid out before me; I was studying micro/macro economics. My first-term marks revealed I could memorise data and theory as well as any. But my second-term marks fell adrift, as I quickly found I did not believe what was being taught. Beyond the initial exhilaration of entering university and anticipating being taught something worthwhile, I found what was being taught simply did not ring true. It appeared to serve little purpose beyond finding a job worthy of making a living, or perhaps a fortune. I saw that for me it would numb mind and spirit, and it thus made no sense at all. To my observation, all that was being taught was how to manipulate, not to understand innately how anything was created or truly functioned.

I remember a specific, passionate conversation I had with my economics professor after class one day, in first-year pre-business. It ended with my index finger thumping on his sternum, his back to the blackboard. To this day I recall the metaphor I described. "The economy is like an elephant," I declared. "The elephant is on its way somewhere, to a watering hole. All this theory you're teaching doesn't really convey anything fundamental to that elephant, about its interests, how its life really works. All you're doing is describing how to stick a lance in its ass and wiggle it a bit to try and alter its course."

I was surprised to find my professor actually agreed with me. He said he had exactly the same suspicions, but that he didn't know any more. He was teaching what he knew, or rather what he had been taught, and suggested that maybe I should just consider that I'd graduated, leave Western, and get on with my life. I had two less intense, but similar, conversations with two of my other professors.

It was becoming obvious business school didn't fit for me. My pony-tailed resolutions to case studies always proved far more egalitarian, and apparently entertaining, than the patriarchal, top-down system of control had any interest in hearing. I grew weary of being ridiculed for my more open-minded, open-hearted attitude toward the working man, and to co-creative solutions. I dropped out, took a couple of correspondence courses with the Co-op College of Canada in Saskatoon, then, with friends, created a few successful neighbourhood food co-ops, and an artists' and craftspersons' co-op, in London. These ventures proved to be successful and The Secretary of State's office wooed me to go Canada-wide creating co-ops. They offered to work with me providing ongoing funding, but I observed that even a wonderful business model like the co-operative had one consistent problem: people!

People couldn't easily decide how anything should be done, or run, or stocked, or anything! It was becoming clear that more essentially, I needed to explore the nature of human consciousness. It appeared to me there was a recurring problem there. It killed things, automatically, from an unconscious habit pattern. It had difficulty working with any level of agreement. It was suspicious, judgmental, and often much worse! Human consciousness was proving to be a pernicious, ubiquitous problem. I had to understand, and it wasn't being taught in university.

CHAPTER FIVE

THE BIG PICTURE BECOMES CLEARER

The Ontology Club, at The University of Western Ontario, was an offshoot of The Emissaries of Divine Light. Their vision drew upon the awakening inspiration and insight of its visionary founder, Lloyd Meeker. Uranda, as he spoke of himself, revealed a vision which rang deeply true to me. I ferreted out his old transcripts and booklets from the 1930s, 1940s and early 1950s. It was a gold mine for my soul! Uranda recognised his recent past life as Ralph Waldo Emerson. I clearly recognised mine as a section supervisor for the CPR, based in Windsor Station, Montreal. I felt compelled to meet Lord Martin Exeter, who had assumed leadership of The Emissaries, following Uranda's death in 1954.

Martin and I corresponded a little, and my friend Grant Clarke headed west before me to check it out. His consistent missives by mail and phone declaring, "The west is best," provided necessary and inspiring headroom.

A dynamic compatriot from Marion Woodman's classes, Grant had blazed a trail for me. From our teenaged philosophical considerations, his favourite, oft repeated turn of phrase had been, "Many are concerned about life after death. People should be more concerned to ask, 'Is there Life after Birth? '" I must confess, I liked it well enough to remember it these many years later.

He'd gone to 100 Mile House, taken a month-long "Art of Living" class, and had created an inviting communal home in Richmond, just south of the Fraser River, near Vancouver, B.C. I moved west in June 1972 and into Grant's communal home.

As I explored more of Uranda's old writings, I found he too astral travelled, remote viewed, and remembered numerous past lives in detail. He had vision and insight which far outstripped my own. I'd found a scintillating source of wisdom and understanding that fed my very soul.

CHAPTER SIX

JAMES BOND SPILLS A FEW BEANS

What gets us into trouble is not what we don't know, it's what we know for sure, that just ain't so. Mark Twain

I was invited to join a men's breakfast group shortly after my arrival in Richmond. They met at Denny's in North Vancouver each Saturday about 9:00 am.

Over pancakes and waffles and a reasonable cup of coffee (for that pre-Arabica era) we considered various topics: spiritual, political, economic, whatever came up. Some remarkable elders were present, notably Ralph Chatwin, a chiropractor who embraced a wealth of knowledge and awareness well beyond his chiropractic field. We remained close friends for many years.

Then there was Conrad. This rakish 79 year old gentleman was in a league all his own.

On a bathroom break, I asked one of the fellows more my age, "Who is that guy?" He replied, "You haven't heard? He knew the Exeter family in England and introduced Lord Exeter to Uranda in the late 1930s. And he knows Ian Fleming. His life is the basis of Fleming's character James Bond."

I returned to the breakfast table with new ears. I slipped in a few questions about economics, about the creation of money, the creation of debt. I asked about what really went on back of the world stage, who the puppeteers were and what the hell they were really doing. I found not only were my deepest spiritual questions finding answers, but my longing to discover how the world really worked, why the world was so messed up, was finding genuine answers too!

I began to spend time with Conrad beyond the Saturday breakfast meetings. Conrad was to be travelling soon, and I was asked if I'd like to help with the driving. We spent more time together, filling endless hours with conversation and stories which leave fiction in the dust.

Allow me to share a few stories from Conrad's life.

At the age of 11, Conrad had learned to drive on an oval racetrack in England. He rode in the racer as a "mechanic." Early in the 20th century, fuel was gravity-fed to the engine. There was no fuel pump. The mechanical and electric fuel pump had not yet been invented. Conrad would scrunch himself into a small, low spot in the car where he could manoeuvre a pump handle up and down, keeping the car fuelled as it defied gravity racing around the track. Needless to say, Conrad, being the dynamic character he was, soon found himself at the wheel with someone else serving as mechanic.

We headed south from Vancouver, B.C. to Sunrise Ranch, about an hour north of Denver, Colorado, spelling each other off at the wheel of his white 1972 AMC Javelin. At one change of

shifts, Conrad had taken the wheel. Heading south on I-5 I dialled my seat back a little for a nap, looked at my watch and simultaneously noticed a mileage/distance sign zip past my view. I fell asleep, and maybe 45 minutes later awoke, automatically looked at my watch, and as luck would have it, glimpsed another road distance/mileage sign zip past. We'd passed the city mentioned on the earlier sign by about 30 miles. Conrad could sense the quick math going on in my head. Without either of us looking at the other, looking straight to the fleeting road surface ahead, in understated clarity, he said, "You don't want to know!"

Ah, but I did! I'd already figured I'd been cruising at around 110 mph beside a now 80 year old man with diamonds in his eyes, when the oil embargo of 1973 had imposed a strict speed limit of 55 mph. I had to chuckle when he added, "I expect you to drive the speed limit."

Conrad had been born not just into British, but into European aristocracy. His family owned properties and enjoyed familial connections throughout Europe. He spoke fluent Italian, French, German, Russian, Spanish and, of course, English.

At the outbreak of World War One, Conrad had been sent to France with the Royal Irish Regiment, "where, severely wounded, he was captured at the Battle of Mons. As a prisoner of war he began to obtain valuable information from other prisoners recently arrived at the camp*." [6]* Several letters, written in black ink, went back to England and soon found themselves in the possession of British High Command. On the back of Conrad's letters, running at 90 degrees to the writing on the other side, Conrad spelled out in invisible lemon juice from his nib pen, details of the Kaiser's military plans. Held over a burning candle, these lemon juice secrets became quite clear.

> *As a result, after the war, Stewart Menzies, head of MI6 and the model for Ian Fleming's "M", offered (Conrad) a job as assistant Military Attaché to the British Legation in Stockholm. His life in the thirties, when under the guise of a playboy and sportsman, while he kept watch on Hitler's Germany, is frequently stranger than fiction. [7]*

From his autobiography comes this typically understated vignette which Sean Connery would perform perfectly.

> *One night in the middle of an air raid, as I took shelter from falling shrapnel in a doorway, I noticed by the reflected beam of searchlights that I stood next to a girl in the uniform of the American Ambulance Corps. I looked more closely at her face – there was no mistaking it, it was the girl I had comforted the night of the raid in London…. Later on in March (we) met for dinner at St. Giles Grill in Edinburgh. We were having coffee when the sirens went and there followed a very heavy attack which lasted until morning. It was a perfect night from every other standpoint. [8]*

Conrad was able to reveal to me a great deal of how the world worked, or didn't work, depending upon your point of view. He was now retired from intelligence work and he,

recognising my keen interest in the area, was willing to provide specific clues which, if pursued, could help me understand what was really going on.

Conrad explained how money really works, how bankers the world over create money out of thin air, loan it out and then require it be paid back to them, plus interest. He suggested I find a copy of the suppressed 1941 exposé entitled, Lightning Over the Treasury Building, by John R. Elsom, which detailed the creation of the Federal Reserve in the USA. This book was the first public revelation of the financial travesty which chokes not just the United States but the entire world. On its title page in bold print it reads, "An exposé of our banking and currency monstrosity ─ America's most reprehensible and Un-American racket. A clear and concise treatise of the banking and money system of the United States as manipulated by the international bankers, by whom governments are controlled, wars promoted, peoples exploited and the real wealth of the nation gathered unto themselves..." [9]

"Yes, David", Conrad declared with a heavy sigh, as we raced east on I-90 towards Yakima. "Truth is far stranger than fiction."

I had, until recently, a copy of another book, immediately banned upon its release in 1947. Slightly charred and water stained, obviously hastily pulled from a fire, it was a first and only edition of the blue, hard-bound classic entitled, Cycles of War. This potent little book, obviously leaked to the author by an insider fed up with the elite conspiracy, revealed how each skirmish, battle and war, from the Napoleonic Wars beginning in 1799, through to the Second World War, had been created. It described why they were created, what the anticipated results would be, and what the final results actually were.

Further research led me to the then recently released 1971 revelation, None Dare Call It Conspiracy, by Gary Allen, and to the 1958 exposé, The Legalized Crime of Banking, by Silas Walter Adams, which outlines how monetary policy could actually assist and support mankind, rather than enslave it. In his book, Mr. Adams presents, in his words, "A constitutional remedy" to the banking problem in the United States.

Conrad had been a close friend of Sir Winston Churchill. He went on to describe a copy of a letter he had, which Winnie had written to himself, just after being elected war-time Prime Minister of Great Britain. [10]

Winston Churchill had been trained as a military tactician by the finest of Britain's military educators. He'd cut his teeth in action in the Boer War, and the First World War, the war to end all wars! And now, he knew how to put an end to the Nazi menace, swiftly, once and for all.

This letter, which Conrad unearthed for me once we reached Sunrise Ranch, showed Winston had won the election in 1940 and had proposed a massive Allied air strike on Germany's obvious, strategic military sites. He was going to bomb the hell out of the Krupps Armaments Works, the German petrochemical industry, specifically I.G.Farben, electrical generating plants, key bridges, shipbuilding complexes and ports. Surrounded by Allied opposition, the rest would be a simple mop-up procedure.

But that very day, he had been approached by powerful members of the British House of Lords, who had instructed him in no uncertain terms that he was not to touch the Krupps Armaments Works, I.G. Farben, or virtually any of the other strategic facilities vital to Germany's ongoing ability to wage war. He was told the war needed to go on. He was told he could fight his "little" war, but it would be on their terms, within their rules of engagement!

Winston Churchill could not believe what he was hearing. These men were obviously not working alone, and it was clear they meant what they said.

That night Winston slept fitfully, then at 3 a.m. sat bolt upright, sweating profusely. [11] He turned on his bedside light and wrote the letter which Conrad was pleased to show me. At its conclusion, he essentially summarised, "No wonder the world is the way it is. These bastards will stop at Nothing!"

Conrad was a deeply spiritual man. As we stayed in various motels through our travels he taught me about energy healing, something he referred to as "attunement".

His right shoulder had been seriously damaged in the Battle of Mons in the First World War. He asked me to place my right hand over the injury as he sat at the end of his bed, fatigued from several hours of HIGH SPEED driving! He instructed that I place my left hand at a particular energy reflex point on his back.

"The human body, at one level, acts like a battery," he began. "The right hand carries a positive charge, the left, negative. With your right hand on this injury and the left on a specifically related 'grounding' position, your life current courses positive to negative through this old body of mine. Life itself," he continued, "knows what to do. It will relieve the pain; maybe even help it heal a little more."

Keeping my hands in the described positions, I closed my eyes to see if I could perceive this energy running through my body. After a few minutes I said, "Conrad, it feels like I have bubbles coming up my left arm. It's something like the tingling sensation as if it's going to sleep, but different."

He directed me saying, "Open your heart more." He changed from the earlier battery metaphor and added, "Your arms are like pipes carrying water. If the pipes are filled with water, there is no room for gasses, for air, to come bubbling back up the pipes. The water is your life current, your love current. If you open your heart more and pour love through your arms, you'll find the bubbling feeling goes away."

I did my best to do as he suggested, and, as usual, he was right. After a few minutes he indicated his shoulder felt fine. I called room service for a late dinner for each of us. We settled in for whatever we could find on the local television station.

I left Conrad at Sunrise Ranch, where he lived in his chalet, near numerous close friends with deep, similar interests. He continued with his favourite pastime, art, into his early 90s, and peacefully passed from this dimension on Oct. 23, 1986.

CHAPTER SEVEN

COMMUNITY

In June 1973, I went to 100 Mile Lodge for a two-month, residential, "Art of Living" course. Not only was the camaraderie of communal living immensely nurturing, the course content resonated deep to my very soul. We were inspired to connect intimately with Spirit, with the Divine Beings we truly are. As this personal experience of inner union deepened, we were told we would recognise we are one with everyone else, one with all life, one with the universe itself. If difficulty came up with another person it was certain to be a creation of the mind, of ego, and we were asked to step back from such situations to observe more subtly, more deeply, what was going on.

With our lives becoming more connected to Spiritual Source, we were able to reveal talent we otherwise wouldn't have known we had. A few friends and I started a rock and roll band, the locally notorious Range Patrol. We played in pubs and at barn dances from Green Lake to Williams Lake, from Bridge Lake to Dog Creek. Serious cowboy country! We then played as the house band at the 108 Destination Resort for a couple of years. This was lots of fun, and we put the bulk of the money earned into a pot, to fund the purchase of orchestral instruments. In short order, many of our friends parlayed their high school musical talent on trumpet, clarinet, keyboard, or in song, to previously thought-to-be-impossible heights.

We pioneered hydroponic gardening, helped establish organic certification in Canada and the USA, and shared a form of energetic healing referred to as "attunement," akin to Reiki or polarity therapy. We started the first health food store in the area, where we sold our stone-ground, organic, home-baked bread, and our unpasteurized goat and cow milk, from our herd of Nubians, La Manchas and Jerseys.

I was home! I kept a pulse on Findhorn, The Farm, Esalen, and Auroville in India, among countless other spiritual and intentional communities the world over. I contributed articles to *The Mother Earth News*, *New Age Journal*; Findhorn's *Onearth Magazine* and an ongoing series of articles under the banner, "Observations of a New Age Networker" to Vancouver-based *Common Ground* and numerous similar magazines around the globe. By the mid 1970's, my correspondence had grown considerably. Many were contacting me because of these articles, and I was directing them to nearby Emissary communal groups, or other friends or groups nearby. I'd found my niche in that halcyon cycle, meeting and introducing members of our awakening body to one another, and working with them in various ways.

CHAPTER EIGHT

SPIRIT AND THE BIG PICTURE

One of the practices suggested by The Emissaries to help one become more consciously present, was to "Sanctify the Evening and the Morning". This involved, just prior to going to sleep, reviewing events of one's day, reviewing the energy perceived throughout that day, and recognising as clearly as possible what had actually occurred, beyond subjective interpretation. The intent was to notice if there were ways in which one could have been more clear, open, honest, and present throughout that day. In such review, one might recognise ways in which a difficult situation could have been handled more wisely, for example. This done, the next day would be planned considering both specifics to be achieved and more particularly to "Practise the Presence of God."

Entering sleep, one could intentionally ask to be more conscious in one's dreams, and take a more mature, conscious, proactive role during dreamtime.

The "Art of Living" course involved classroom considerations in the morning, then working in the community, assisting with whatever needed to be done in the afternoon, and further, "Practising the Presence of God". The morning sessions usually included listening to early 1950s tape recordings, or reading transcripts from some of Uranda's earlier presentations from the 1930s and 1940s.

He spoke of a time when humankind had lived in harmony with all life, not only here on earth, but throughout the universe. We, Spirit incarnate on earth, had not originated here, but had come from a few celestial sources. We had created the earth by focusing our loving, unified, conscious intent on this location in our solar system. This unified, conscious intent was maintained for six "days," as spoken of biblically, but these were "Days of Creation", cycles of approximately 26,000 years, a period of time spoken of as a Platonic Year, or a full round of the Zodiak. [12] Understood this way, the creation of the earth in "six days" computes to approximately 156,000 "earth years", not the "one day short of a week" belief fancifully interpreted and embraced by some.

It was our privilege and responsibility to tend and husband this garden planet, then spoken of as "Poisenra" (pronounced poe..ee..sen..raw). Our task was to assist everything to rise to its next highest level of vibration. We understood that in an even larger context, our increasingly radiant planet would eventually cross a vibrational threshold, and become a Sun itself. Not the ball of gas scientists declare our Sun to be, but rather, a civilisation so radiant in our love, that to the distant observer it would appear to be a Sun able to constellate other planets around it.

My dear friend Janice Hawes, in her mid-eighties when I knew her in the mid-1970s, lived at an Emissary sister community, Riverbend Orchard, near Kamloops, B.C. Janice told me of a few experiences her close friend and roommate Jesse Stuckey had had with Uranda, on Sunrise Ranch, in the late 1940s. Jesse had travelled in spirit to the Sun of our solar system on a few occasions with him. She said that there they refer to the Sun as Siomra. (pronounced see..om..raw). And she, with Uranda, was welcomed as royalty. They met in a council-like

setting and considered the progress of those earlier stirrings in this Great Awakening now more obviously under way on earth.

Uranda took a few friends with him to the Sun. Here are a few excerpts from his writings about these journeys, written in the late 1930s.

> *Only the tip ends of the flames, which form the outer covering of the Sun, are moving. The deeper layers of the Sun are permanently fixed, created out of Sun-Substance which endures for all eternity; and it never grows old, it is always new ... we are at last moving through the outer boundaries of Siomra!*
>
> *As your eyes become more accustomed to the light, you begin to realise that you are just beginning to see things that have been there all the time. The seeming development of that which surrounds us has only been the gradual expansion of your vision.... You can no longer think of yourself as that little human being which man's world has thought you to be. The human part of you has been absorbed into the Being of your Eternal Self ─ AND YOU ARE THE ONE!*
>
> *I see the joy that surges through you as you arrive for a visit in your Ancient Home, where you lived and worked so long ago.... We bow low before our beloved Lord Raira and deeply rejoice (pronounced raw..eee.. raw).*
>
> *You also see all these other palaces, placed in a great circle around the Central Palace. These palaces are the headquarters, in Siomra, for all the different planets of our Solar System. There is the Palace of Poisenra [earth] over there to our right.*
>
> *[A host] is waiting to take you to your quarters. You are guided toward a large golden pillar that appears to be alive. It looks like a pearl, ingrained with gold and bands of fire which move and change while you watch.... You are surprised to see your[host] walk right into the pillar as if it were only mist, instead of having the appearance of solid pearl.... You too step into the pillar in which there is no door.... You move swiftly downward. [Your host] explains, 'Here we are already. Step outside with me.' This, that appeared to you as a pillar made of stone, is but one of the transportation tubes of Siomra. This one is vertical, and we have come down several thousand feet in just a moment. Through these tubes it is possible to go, almost instantly, to any part of Siomra.... Siomra is about 900,000 earth miles in diameter, while ... Poisenra is less than 8,000 miles in diameter, so some of these tubes are hundreds of thousands of miles long.*

You let your eyes rove over the appointments of your quarters. You begin to realise that all the things around you are alive — yes, even the walls of your apartment are alive! Before man builds a house of wood, he kills the trees from which the wood is taken. The boards are all dead forms, and in due season they will decay and go back to dust. Nearly all the things that man uses are dead. All the things that man makes are dead. With a peculiar sense of faraway horror you realise that nearly everything that man does is either killing something or is working in some way with something that is already dead. Man, down on the earth, with all his blessings and opportunities and God-given powers, gives nearly all of his attention to dead things, or to the killing of things that are alive.

How different are your surroundings here in Siomra ... All that is being done around you is related to life — eternal life — and every action is creative.... There is nothing on the face of the earth that can begin to compare with the beauty and luxury and convenience with which you are surrounded.

As in the other rooms of the palace, you cannot see where the light is coming from, but the room is filled with a soft, restful light that casts no shadows anywhere. In fact, you suddenly realise that you have not seen any shadows anywhere in Siomra ... You have noticed many interesting things since your arrival ... One ... is the absence of shadows ... Man is able to see and distinguish form primarily through light and shadow ... dependent upon the reflection of light from the surface of that which is seen, so it is the reflection which is seen, rather than the thing itself. In Siomra ... visual perception is not through reflection of light from the surface of the thing seen but is experienced through the radiation of light from within yourself to that which is seen....

We are here on a most important mission, and the service we are to render is destined to influence the function of our whole Solar System, and especially, we are concerned with the destiny and function of our beloved Poisenra.

The wall here, on my right is, as you see, a living thing.... When I am talking to you, you will be able to see the things I am talking about ... this wall is perfectly tuned to my mind and my thoughts may be pictured there if I wish it to be so.... On this panel I can show you a picture of present happenings anywhere in this Solar system, and with a little adjustment I could give you an opportunity to see any thing or person, or happening in the Universe, or even beyond, if it were wise and necessary.

[Your] sacred mission is to again release the Truths of Being to the fallen ones of Poisenra ... all things are prepared for ... successful accomplishment ... the hour of judgement has come upon mankind and the

time is at hand.... 'Thus far shalt thou come, and No Further!' Man must now respond to the Cosmic Plan or bring destruction upon himself.

Those who attempt to understand through intellectual approach, on the basis of knowledge gained from outer world sources, shall ... find my words are without meaning. When record of our activity here shall reach [awakening humanity] they should not attempt to 'try' to come here in imagination ... rather they should relax into the realization of my words. [13]

Since that experience, Jessie, Janice, and I haven't viewed the Sun the same as we did. Behind the blinding solar radiance, I imagine loving friends beaming down their support for our re-awakening to Spirit here on earth, helping us remember our role within the ascending energies, which flow throughout the universe and back to the Central Sun of Suns.

The Mayan Calendar speaks of overarching cycles of time and their relationship to changing human consciousness. Lloyd Meeker awakened to this broader perspective in 1932 as he became aware of and united with his innate, indwelling spirit Uranda, who continued to fuel his passionate vision until his passing in 1954. Carl Jung considered these larger cycles seminal to human consciousness. Growing numbers of awakening humanity are becoming aware of these time frames and of their vital importance [14]. Other dimensions of reality and recognition of our true identity are coming into view.

CHAPTER NINE

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES

When I was a child, I asked my grandfather, who was beginning to teach me to play the piano, why there were 88 keys on the piano. He didn't know, nor did I find any clues until last winter, on a beach in Mexico, while stargazing. I was beginning to study astronomy and astrology and noted there are 88 constellations known to mankind, and which influence our lives here on earth. Microcosm and macrocosm are intimately intertwined. Of course! The vibrational progression on a piano keyboard and the musical progression throughout the celestial spheres, are based upon the same principles.

Using the piano keyboard as metaphor, our earth, as part of our solar system, as part of the Milky Way Galaxy, as all this spirals forward through universal space, we gradually ascend through, and are bathed in, an ascending scale of frequencies. As we move along this celestial keyboard, this living matrix profoundly affects our lives here on earth. Just as astrology gives some indication of how various planets, stars and constellations impact our individual lives, so this more expansive movement through universal space affects our collective consciousness and experience here on earth.

A note on this celestial keyboard represents a 25,920 year cycle of precession, a platonic year, during which we are bathed in the living matrix of a specific note, frequency, or vibrational signature. Within this "26,000" year cycle we also progress through the 12 sub-dominant governing frequencies of 2,160 years duration each, the time the earth is embraced by the different energies of each House in the Zodiak.

We are currently departing Pisces, and will transit into Aquarius on December 21, 2012. This specific date marks not the end of time, not the end of the world as some fear, but simply a shift in influence from one House in the Zodiac into the next. Simultaneously, because Aquarius leads the progression, a new cycle of precession through the 12 Houses will begin. [15]

As well our solar system is crossing the ecliptic of the Milky Way Galaxy, moving from one side of the galaxy to the other, bathing earth yet more fully in the intensifying vibration of love, harmony and oneness. This occurs as the north pole of the earth points to Polaris, the Pole Star, and beyond to Alcyone, the core star or central sun of our Milky Way Galaxy, on solstice, December 21, 2012.

Further, the Mayan calendar is founded upon repeating cycles of 20 Sun signs progressing through 13 Galactic Tones, revealing 260 day cycles which calibrate the corkscrewing motion of the earth, as part of our solar system, as part of the Milky Way Galaxy, through the changing frequencies of universal space. This progression provides the living, vibrational matrix in which specific changes occur in human consciousness, individually and collectively. Author Carl Johan Calleman proposes the final 260 day cycle in the 26,000 year Mayan calendar began February 11, 2011 and concludes October 28, 2011. Most others who have researched Mayan calendrics, including the Maya themselves, present December 21, 2012 as the end date of the Mayan calendar.

Whatever the precise date, we have chosen to be present on earth at a propitious, unprecedented time of change. All life throughout the cosmos is cheering us on! As we move from the influence of water into air, from Pisces into Aquarius, the living matrix in which we reside is rapidly changing. Soon it will not be possible to be lost in the illusion of existing somehow separate from spirit, from one another, from all of Life here on earth and throughout the Universe.

Following my third "Oneness Blessing", a transfer of energy which assists in the process of deepening one's connection to divine presence, I lay down and was awash with memory from a council meeting in Lemuria, 18,000 years ago. Earth had entered a sector of universal space dominated by a different frequency. This experience was akin to moving from a white to a black note on a piano keyboard. The key in which the earth was bathed had, 26,000 years ago, transposed down into a different, dissonant frequency which allowed for the birth of a rebellion in the consciousness of many inhabitants of Lemuria, or Mu, The Motherland. They began wanting different results in the outer, material world.

Our lengthy council meeting concluded. Many were in tears, me included. We acknowledged what we had to do, which was to leave the planet in the hands of those who wanted to manipulate the world of form. Sadly, seeing well into the future, we perceived much of the disaster which was to follow. We understood that if we remained on earth, holding the spiritual polarity intact, the continuing rebellion would intensify, yet our inevitable need to ascend would result in even greater disaster. We recognized it would likely be a long 18,000 years until this chosen direction would be resolved. This time seen long ago is occurring Right Now!

Until this rebellion away from Spirit emerged, it had been normal to pay homage to Spirit as unquestioned Source, and to express life's loving current of blessing into the earth. We tended our Garden Planet, assisting everything to rise to its next highest level of vibration. All had moved well this way for hundreds of thousands of years, and something was changing.

In this new vibration or key, thought began to emerge that things could be "better" in the material world than Spirit was presenting. "Improvements" could be made, indeed had to be made, simply because they appeared in consciousness and apparently could be made.

The rebellion grew from initiation nearly 26,000 years ago to fever pitch a little more than 18,000 years ago. Our body of governing "frequency holders" saw that such "judging of good and evil," making choices based dominantly upon physical form, rather than on Spirit, was folly, and would ultimately lead to even greater folly. But try as we might to show the wisdom of serving Spirit first, those who rebelled wanted to pursue their "improved" choices, and manipulate the material world.

Those who held the spiritual frequency left the 3rd dimension. There was a mass ascension. The result to both the planet and the human psyche remains profoundly apparent to this day.

The conscious focus or orientation which remained on earth represented a 180-degree shift, from inner to outer, from Spirit to form. With the spiritual vibration no longer dominant, the earth

reversed polarity, north to south, reflecting the polarity of those who remained on the planet. As within, so without; from worship of Spirit within, to worship of form, the material, external world.

And the earth stopped spinning.

The Bible speaks clearly of the sun not setting for a day, which means, simply, the earth stopped rotating. "And he said, in the sight of Israel, Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou Moon, in the valley of Ajalon. And the sun stood still and the moon stayed, until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies. So the sun stood still in the midst of the heaven, and hasted not to go down about a whole day." [16]

Other ancient records speak of darkness for a day, or more, in other parts of the world, at this and other catastrophic times in earth's history. Immanuel Velikovsky writes:

> *In the manuscripts of Avila and Molina, who collected the traditions of the Indians of the New World, it is related that the sun did not appear for five days, a cosmic collision of stars preceded the cataclysm; people and animals tried to escape to mountain caves. Scarcely had they reached there, when the sea, breaking out of bounds following a terrifying shock, began the rise [sic] of the Pacific coast. But as the sea rose, filling the valleys and the plains around, the mountain of Ancasmarca rose too, like a ship on the waves. During the five days that this cataclysm lasted, the sun did not show its face, and the earth remained in darkness.* [17]

You may wonder about loss of gravity, certain that much on the surface of the earth would fly off into space. For millennia, commonly accepted reality included the concept of the earth being flat, a theory long ago relegated to the dustbin. If the earth stopped spinning, would much on its surface fly off into space? How does gravity truly work? Perhaps it's more remarkable that things don't fly off the surface of the earth while it is spinning. Again, as Mark Twain glibly observed, "What gets us into trouble is not what we don't know, it's what we know for sure, that just ain't so."

Because the uplifting, ascending substance of Spirit was gone, the earth shrank. According to Uranda's recollection, this is when many mountain ranges arose. The earth then resembled a shrivelled pea.

The effect this has had upon collective consciousness is explored in Velikovsky's posthumously published work, Mankind in Amnesia.

> *The global catastrophes of ancient times ... had devastating effects on the human psyche. Collectively, mankind acts like an amnesia victim seeking to relive a traumatic experience. Though surrounded by literary, geological, and astronomical evidence of our violent heritage, we try to avoid the realisation that earth-wrenching cataclysms have occurred — as recently as a hundred generations ago. Yet only by understanding our*

past can we overcome the urge to re-enact the scene of planetary devastation.... The horrifying truth, so long as it remains unrecognised, is a powerful force urging us towards doom. [18]

Carl Jung adds his thoughts to our consideration:

As we know from ancient Egyptian history, there are symptoms of psychic changes that always appear at the end of one Platonic month and at the beginning of another. They are, it seems, changes in the constellation of psychic dominants, of the archetypes or 'Gods' as they used to be called, which bring about, or accompany, long lasting transformations of the collective psyche. This transformation [is apparent] within the historical tradition and left traces behind within it ... in the transition of the Age of Taurus to that of Aries, and then from Aries to Pisces, whose beginning coincides with the rise of Christianity.

We are now nearing that great change which may be expected when the spring-point enters Aquarius.

I am, to be quite frank, concerned for all those that are unprepared by the events in question and disconcerted by their incomprehensible nature. Since, as far as I know, no one else has yet felt moved to examine and set forth the possible psychic consequences of this foreseeable change, I deem it my duty to do what I can in this respect. I undertake this thankless task in the expectation that my chisel will make no impression on the hard stone it meets. [19]

Viewing our current world situation, politically, economically, environmentally, militarily, interpersonally, and internationally we are due to remember; Carl Jung's chisel is due to make profound impressions on our collective stony heart and ossified mind, or we are, indeed, immediately facing much more pain and suffering.

The earth, in its cataclysmic past, also entered a period of intergalactic isolation, of solitary confinement. The self-imprisoned inmates had chosen isolation from universal Spirit, otherwise omnipresent throughout the universe. Universal intelligence would not allow the effects of the earth's inhabitants, in denial of their Spiritual source, to extend far into the universe and earth was placed in quarantine. As we reawaken, such events as "Fire the Grid" of July 17, 2007 help us recall the universal energies which flow into and through the earth, and throughout the universe, for which we are responsible. We will explore more of this later in the book.

Let us return to the "fallen" situation.

The "Children of Men," as they are spoken of biblically, who remained, forgot their divine origins. Leaders in the judgement-oriented, mind-based rebellion claimed to serve as sole

intercessors, representing god. The concept of an external god, a source other than one's own innate Spirit, was crafted to allow the new overlords to control and manipulate the population.

Mankind felt naked and ashamed, no longer clothed in the radiance and deep wisdom of Spirit. Direct, personal experience of union with Spirit, moving in flow with life, was gone.

All this sounds remarkably close to the story of Adam and Eve, expelled from the Garden of Eden. But, by this accounting, the residents of earth were not expelled from Heaven, unfortunate victims tossed out of The Kingdom. Rather, they chose this circumstance, by eating "of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil," by choosing to deny spirit, entering into polarity and judgment, and viewing the material world as something to be manipulated. [20]

Throughout the next 6,000 years portions of Lemuria continued to sink beneath the sea. With Lemuria gone approximately 12,000 years ago humankind started over with what remained of their former lives, in Atlantis. Over the next thousand years an advanced civilization developed, yet through that cycle, life was much more difficult. Trauma from the cataclysmic sinking of Lemuria was deeply etched into the collective unconscious.

Most fearfully embraced concepts of original sin, and of a vengeful god. Yet sin, meaning without, points clearly to the problem. The majority chose to continue to live without Spirit. They believed in the need for sacrifice, to appease their conceived, terrible, creator god, fearing more cataclysms would occur. As throughout recorded history, so it was in Atlantis, that many powerful, awakened beings incarnated and sought to inspire the population to awaken to their greater reality as spiritual beings with vehicles for earthly expression. But, as has been apparent throughout history, and as is evident in our current world situation, the lesson was not, and has not yet, been learned.

Close to a thousand years passed in Atlantis, then again, there was a collective, though smaller, ascension. Atlantis too, sank beneath the waves. As humankind settled into even deeper denial of Spirit, as best I have come to understand, the axis of the earth's rotation shifted from 0 degrees to the current 23½ degree tilt. Thus began the process of precession, the apparent backward movement of the earth through the Houses of the Zodiac. Perhaps life, in its wisdom, was presenting fallen mankind with a celestial reminder of its origins, and an invitation to reawaken to universal Spirit.

With Atlantis settled beneath the sea, and the axis of spin changed by 23½ degrees, celestial observation, long honoured as a means of understanding our relationship with spiritual origin, cycles of time, and our place in the universe, then engendered fear and consternation in the fallen consciousness of the residents of planet earth. The world and its apparent celestial context suddenly had become very different.

The Maya, and numerous indigenous peoples world-wide, were aware of the original 360-day cycle during which the earth orbited the sun. They noted this cycle had changed at some point in ancient time, to the 365¼ days it now takes to complete this orbit. My understanding is that this shift too, occurred 18,000 years ago, when the first pieces of Lemuria sank into the Pacific. Not only had the earth stopped spinning, reversed polarity, collapsed and begun spinning in reverse

to what it had previously, its orbit also became eccentric and took 5¼ days longer to circle the sun.

Time continued, through pre-history, through dense, heavy times, through the deepest part of this 26,000 year cycle, which is now concluding in this early part of the 21st century. Through Sumeria, Babylon, Egypt, Greece and Rome, the vibration began to increase. Civilizations would emerge, but always the same blind repetition of unconscious habit would settle, like a fog or viral infection, over the collective consciousness, and cause the collective past to repeat. The civilization would sour and self-destruct.

We can fast forward through more recent history, touching on the rise of Italy as a dominant trading nation, of Portugal briefly, then Spain, France, Germany, England and now the United States of America. It is easy to see how quickly collapse follows loss of integrity, loss of contribution to the ascent of life on planet earth.

Unless we awaken to our past, we are doomed to repeat it. This is true for each of us in the intimacy of our personal lives, just as it is true for our collective, global consciousness. The Spirit of life woos mankind to unite in love, to blossom in ways unimagined, ways which only come into vision, then form, through Spiritual flow. When we focus on the well-being of the whole, knowing that all are One, all are uplifted. This has not been allowed on earth since original sin caused the sinking of Lemuria. The ceaseless battle of ego for power, for control, for one-upmanship has repeatedly sought to manipulate for ultimate control, and nations, civilizations, entire continents, even the entire planet, have collapsed. Without alignment with Spirit, humans have fallen prey to greed, lust for power and deceit. Ultimately humankind, if it remains separate from Spirit, will destroy itself.

Does this sound familiar?

Albert Einstein declared, wisely, that a problem cannot be solved from the same level as that from which it was created. So it remains today, with our global existence teetering on the brink of a Third World War, total economic and environmental collapse, and a Prison Planet under the thumb of a malevolent global elite. Input must come from another perspective, from another dimension. From Spirit!

CHAPTER TEN

TRANSITION

When the established order is confronted with essential new input, history shows plainly that the new, no matter how vitally important it may be, is not welcomed. Such new vision and understanding shakes up the status quo. Those in control want to remain in control. The insight, vital to the new cycle, is first shunned and ridiculed. Expressing what is coming into view has often led to torture, to murder, to crucifixion, or the visionaries may merely be ignored, marginalized, and viewed as insane, stupid or as troublemakers.

But the ultimate arrival of required change is inevitable. Gradually such harbingers become recognised as insightful innovators; still marginal, but maybe somehow useful after all.

As the scope and gravity of the new understanding is grasped by greater numbers, their revolutionary insights begin to be seen as fundamental to existence. People marvel at how such awareness wasn't understood and embraced before. Those attuned to the coming frequency then become viewed as heroic geniuses, as legendary pioneers, revered for their brilliance and tenacity.

We have, sadly, seen many killed for standing up for what, ultimately, has come to be acknowledged as true. It is now time for a tidal wave of us to stand and declare the truth we see, and where necessary, demand that the lies collectively imprisoning us are openly acknowledged as the lies they are.

In these next very few years, life will accelerate change on earth. Gone is the time in which we could declare ourselves separate from others. Gone is the opportunity to hide behind locked gates, locked doors, and locked hearts. We are One. As Christ declared near the beginning of this 2,160-year cycle, "As ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." (Matthew 25:40) We are, in fact, our brother's keeper as well as our sister's, our child's, our pet's, our animal's, our garden's. Everything is part of our One Being.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

WHAT NEXT?

They must find it difficult, those who have taken authority as the truth, rather than truth as the authority. G. Massey, Egyptologist

Lord Martin Exeter died in 1988. Carol and I left the Emissary community in the Spring of 1990.

Not having given any focus to money, I thought I'd best begin to take care of Carol and myself financially. Being of an entrepreneurial persuasion, I started, ran and sold a few businesses. Most successful among these were carpet and upholstery cleaning and insurance restoration firms. Using the cash flow and credit worthiness of these successful businesses, I bought foreclosed and distressed residential properties, fixed them up and filled them to near full tenancy.

This was hard work, rewarding and fun. With my net worth well over the legendary million dollars in a few short years, I profitably sold these rental properties into an appreciating market. I did my best to research private investment opportunities, but if you think it is difficult to make money, once you have it, try hanging on to it! While I yet had a little money, earned to provide freedom to pursue deeper spiritual interest, I had read about Robert Monroe and his pioneering work with out-of-body experience, astral travel and remote viewing. He had founded the Monroe Institute near Faber, Virginia, and it was time to experience their "Gateway" program.

Bob Monroe had been very successful in the early development of the television and cable industry, throughout New England and in the L.A. area of California. He was an audio engineer, and his deeper passion related to subliminal learning and the nature of consciousness.

Bob's spontaneous out-of-body experiences in the late 1950s led to his discovery that different levels of consciousness, and the experience of other dimensions or "lokas," are founded upon a dynamic mix of different, specific frequencies. The Monroe Institute's patented Hemi-Sync technology uses audio headphones to direct different frequencies to each ear of the course participant. This, Robert discovered, produces a third, frequency-specific, binaural beat, and a frequency-following response in the brain. For example, if a frequency of 104 Hertz is directed to the right ear, and 108 Hertz is directed to the left ear, the brain generates a frequency of 4 Hertz, to which both hemispheres of the brain then entrain themselves. In short, if the participant is able to remain awake and "follow" the frequencies so generated, a remarkable inner landscape unfolds before the participant. The inner voyage occurs, whether or not the participant remains conscious of it.

I chose to attend the Monroe Institute's Gateway Program to see where my extensive, lifelong experience with the paranormal lay, relative to their shared body of exploration.

The Monroe Institute has created numerical signposts, or Focus Levels, for different specific, commonly observed points along the vibrational highway of our multidimensional universe. Standard waking consciousness is referred to as C1, Consciousness 1. Moving from standard waking consciousness, participants are asked to relax, to quiet themselves and move into Focus 10, acknowledged as a "gateway" state. In a state of deep, profound relaxation, the body can relax and even fall asleep, while the participant yet remains conscious. From here other Focus dimensions can be explored.

Focus C12 refers to when one's consciousness opens beyond the five senses, to more subtle realms. In this state of expanded awareness one may or may not be "out of body". This often is where trauma victims go "above the pain," to be able to deal with such difficulty. Focus C15 refers to the state beyond time and space as we experience it here in physical reality. Some refer to this as the void. Here one is able to access time travel. To many, the lower end of the tunnel of light is seen, where so many in near-death experiences enter the tunnel leading to the light. I've experienced this in my near-death experiences, and in another interesting adventure which I'll describe shortly.

There are a few signposts as you move through this tunnel, and the upper end, ablaze with white light, is where you'll be met by a gatekeeper. In his authority, he may direct you back to earth if it is not yet "your time," or you may be welcomed by deceased family members and friends, who assist in your transition from having a physical body, to being Spirit, no longer clothed with the physical, mental and emotional capacities through which you expressed yourself on earth.

The Monroe Institute programs are specifically designed to help us access simultaneously present realities. There is discussion regarding what level you will visit in your next session, then you lie down on a bed, draw the curtain, and, in privacy, put on headphones. You adjust the light in which you bathe yourself, both the colour and its intensity. Your instructor then plays the specific Hemi-Sync exercise, designed to take you to the "loka", or dimension, just considered. The trick, I found, is to simply remain conscious with your eyes closed and not fall asleep. This doesn't happen through "trying", it occurs by allowing yourself to relax into Spiritual Presence.

We had been told we would be visiting Focus C21, and had been instructed specifically to ask to meet someone there, and consider specific topics. I had chosen to meet my father who had died when I was 18, followed immediately by my two uncles and then my grandfather. This trauma and loss seriously affected my life, and I wanted to find a deeper understanding of what had occurred, and why.

I lay down on my bed, akin to a railroad bunk, drew the curtain, and turned the light to a soft gold, tinged with pink. Karen, our instructor, began playing the Focus C21 exercise. I closed my eyes. Through the headphones came the sound of waves crashing on an ocean shore, under which were embedded specific, subliminal frequencies designed to facilitate awareness of Focus C21. Gently, I moved out of body, lingered, moved slowly up. I found the experience akin to riding a glass elevator car. Up, up, I saw the lower end of the tunnel, accelerated, rose through the tunnel, and arrived at Focus C21. An entire world exists there. People were milling about, walking, sitting, contemplating. Lots of administrative, organizational work and directing of people was under way.

A major authority figure greeted me silently, turned slightly to his right, and directed me to my father! Standing right there was my father, Russell, who looked just like he did when I saw him last in 1967. We merged into each other momentarily, in deep recognition and reunion, then went to a park bench where we sat together, and considered all I wanted to talk with him about.

He shared information I could not have dreamed up in numerous lifetimes, relating to his vibrational essence and that of my mother, of their blending of these vibrations in their life together on earth, of how all this related to the cleansing and releasing of karma, and of movement forward in this huge awakening project under way on earth. He concluded by saying it had simply been time for him to move on. His essential work had been completed. He had known it would be hard on my mother, on my younger brother Doug and on me, but he knew we would be fine. He had other work to do.

I silently acknowledged and accepted what he'd said.

Then, swiftly changing course, he brightly asked, "Would you like to see what I'm doing now?" He suggested, with a chuckle, that I would enjoy this adventure, adding, "I'm in the insurance industry again."

"Sure," I replied, surprised and delighted.

As my father, he had been Senior Underwriting Supervisor at London Life Insurance Company, Head Office, London, Ontario. He had died of a heart attack at age 53, in August 1967. In this "new" life he said he was 28 years old, Hispanic, and Peter Ramirez, or Nunez, was his name. I've forgotten which was his surname. He was living in Cleveland and had a wife and two young daughters. At the Monroe Institute it was then 1998. It had been a very fast turnaround for him, too.

"Let's go," he directed. Spiralling effortlessly downward, I followed him through space. We approached an apartment door and easily drifted through it. There was no need for a key or the turning of a latch. I followed, past the kitchen, and turned left down the hall. We passed a large mirror on the right side, in which we were reflected as two golden balls of light, quite visible in the mirror.

Playing on the carpeted floor of the living room, with their backs to us, were his two daughters, ages 5 and 7, if I recall correctly. We paused and beamed at them, quite invisible to them. We pulled back into the hall, then something unusual happened. The frequency was changing for me back at the Monroe Institute. I was being called back into my body! I conveyed this to my spirit companion and he replied, conveying telepathically, "Let me show you my wife, quickly."

We floated through the wall separating the hall from the kitchen, through the dishes and cupboard doors, and there was his beautiful, dark-haired wife, back to us, chopping vegetables next to the kitchen sink, preparing dinner.

I thanked this spirit, which had been incarnate through my Father, for this most amazing tour, zoomed back to my bed at the Monroe Institute, entered my body, and climbed down out of my bunk.

At the debriefing that followed, we were asked to share our experiences, if we wished. There was silence. No one said a word. I waited and as no one was going to say anything, I conveyed the experience I've just described. It is our habit, when leaving Focus C1, standard waking frequency, to go to sleep, to go unconscious as we, in spirit, move on to other frequencies, into other dimensions which are very much part of our multidimensional nature. For whatever reason, I often remain conscious as my focus of consciousness moves into and through different frequencies of existence. I anticipate that as we open to Spirit and our hearts flower over these next few years, such multidimensional awareness will again become the norm here on earth.

Many have asked, hearing of this remarkable adventure, if I have contacted Peter in Cleveland. I have not, because at the level of human experience, Peter would almost certainly not have any awareness of the experience we shared in Spirit. Also, this experience is far from unique for me. I offer it here because it serves to indicate more broadly who we are, beyond the limitations of standard waking consciousness.

As within, so without. As we reconnect with the divine within, heaven will enter our earthly lives. As we express this spiritually founded joy into the world it will become increasingly apparent that we are heralding The Golden Age.

Mother Earth, too, is being welcomed back into her intergalactic circuitry.

CHAPTER TWELVE

THE EMPEROR HAS NO CLOTHES

In a time of universal deceit, telling the truth is a revolutionary act. George Orwell [21]

Only two things are infinite, the universe and human stupidity, and I'm not sure about the former. Einstein

The Monroe experience provided useful headroom. With renewed interest in exploring the scope of human consciousness, I also researched investment opportunities, to allow me to continue with my hard-earned experience of freedom.

To invest in low-rate returns, such as those offered by CD's, T-bills or bonds, struck me as ludicrous. Such investments don't even keep up with inflation. I've known enough people who work with and in the stock market to understand the "pump and dump" modus operandi which not only permits, but is the very basis of that slaughterhouse, which insiders refer to as a "sucker's market."

I'd thought it wise to research private opportunities, and invest with entrepreneurs with vision, integrity, tenacity and a good track record. Yet even hiring an excellent private investigating firm to research the principals and their corporate histories, as part of my due diligence, has proven that investing in this area, too, can be extremely risky. All of my four investments proved to be highly sophisticated cons, Ponzi schemes in which those already invested would receive their returns on investment from incoming money from new investors. It astonishes me, the extent to which white-collar criminals go, to create the illusion of a successful business with investment opportunity.

I rapidly lost all but a tiny portion of my hard-earned money, and was equally flabbergasted to find that provincial and state securities commissions, as well as police forces and our courts, do virtually nothing to pursue, or prosecute, these criminals to protect the public from this phenomenon, which is epidemic throughout the financial world.

There is some merit to the well-worn social adage, "If you can't say something nice about somebody, don't say anything at all." A very nice thought this may be, yet it best serves the very criminals, the sharks, who swim these warm, shallow waters. That water, if we'll pause to look, is crimson with blood, and pockets turned inside out. This is both reflective of, and made possible by, the fundamentally criminal nature of money, government, the courts, our police system, indeed of the very consciousness underlying our society.

Am I being overly harsh here? Allow me to share yet another event from the age of 13.

That same summer when I nearly drowned, Ontario Hydro was pitching the property owners of Inverhuron on the merits of their proposed Douglas Point Nuclear Generating Station. They

hosted an informative afternoon event for any interested tax-paying residents, and I took it upon myself to attend. This project was billed as the least costly, most effective and progressive way of meeting the growing electrical needs of Ontario's residents and businesses, well into the future.

I read a little about nuclear generation to prepare for the meeting. Canada had successfully brought their CANDU reactor to the global market recently, and Douglas Point was to provide an inspiring showcase for this leading edge technology. I waited for someone at the public meeting to ask what I considered the fundamental question of the day. No one did and I eventually asked the PR representative, "What are you going to do with the spent nuclear fuel rods? You've explained how clean and efficient this system of electrical generation is, except for the net waste product, which happens to be the most toxic product known to man. If this is to be clean and non-polluting, what remarkable means of disposal do you have for the spent nuclear fuel rods?"

Mr. PR man politely thanked me for my question, and replied that they weren't really sure what they were going to do with the most toxic substance ever created by man. They were considering burying it deep in the bowels of the Great Canadian Shield, in abandoned mine sites, where it would be safe and secure. But while they were figuring out where to put it, it would be stored in concrete bunkers constructed as part of the generating complex.

I was flabbergasted! To me, splitting the atom to boil water seemed akin to using a cannon ball to swat a fly. Not only did the entire process leave me shaking my head, but that such high-tech brilliance didn't even know what they were going to do with their astoundingly toxic garbage, left me incredulous. But, remarkably, everybody seemed quite happy with the proposal, and, of course, history reveals that the Douglas Point Nuclear Generating Station went on-line producing electricity in the late 1960s. The change in lake temperature and resultant changes in plankton growth and aquatic life because of water outflow from the plant, coupled with the danger of nuclear radiation that has made it unsafe to use the provincial park for anything more than a day park until very recent policy change, is simply part of the "unspoken" package.

Carol and I married in 1986 and ironically, my new wife's cousin happened to be the Operations Superintendent for what had become The Bruce Nuclear Generating Station. We were given a red carpet tour of the plant. He proudly declared how efficient the system was, and emphasized, above all, that it was non-polluting.

I had to comment, "Yes, it may appear to be 'pollution free,' by virtue of what I find to be remarkably compartmentalized thinking. This requires that you view the generating process somehow on its own, and magically ignore the horrendously lethal depleted uranium spent nuclear fuel rods, which remain at the end of their generating life. But the fact is," I continued, "nuclear electrical generation is staggeringly polluting! I agree, there is no smokestack obviously belching smoke, carbon monoxide or diesel fumes." I went on to ask the same question I had asked 24 years earlier: "What do you do with the spent nuclear fuel rods?

Are you ready? His reply was, "We don't know yet. We're thinking of burying them deep in abandoned mine shafts in the Great Canadian Shield. But for now we're storing them in concrete bunkers here on site."

It's a good story, but sadly, do you know REALLY where the depleted uranium is going? The rods are reconfigured and used as NUCLEAR WARHEADS! They are used as BULLETS and BOMBS in the Persian Gulf, in Iraq, on most "War Games" facilities on the planet, and the deleterious effect on life on our planet is staggering indeed!

Gulf War veterans are sick and dying from DU rounds. The entire population of the Middle East, especially Iraqis, have been exposed to extremely high levels of radioactivity in their atmosphere. The massive increase in birth deformities, diabetes and numerous other diseases world-wide, directly relates to proximity to nuclear activity.

Here in British Columbia, in the Strait of Georgia, on Canada's beautiful west coast, near Nanaimo, the Canadian and U.S. military use DEPLETED URANIUM from The Bruce generating facility and other CANDU reactors. They fire radioactive submarine rounds during naval exercises in the Canadian Forces Maritime Experimental Test Range, a 225 sq. km. designated naval test zone, in these formerly pristine fishing and cruising waters! Bowen Island Mayor Lisa Barrett, in a media interview stated, "The U.S. Navy is shooting depleted uranium weapons into the waters around Nanaimo just as they did around Seattle and in California." [22]

And they treat the ocean as a dump:

> *Naval nuclear reactors in BC contain as much radiation in their core as several nuclear bombs, and use uranium fuel 133 times more enriched than a CANDU reactor. Nine nuclear propulsion reactors already litter the ocean floor along with 50 'lost' nuclear war heads.* [23]

Growing numbers of sea lions, killer whales, harbour seals and other aquatic residents of the Strait of Georgia are washing up, dead or dying, on shores of the strait with lesions covering their bodies. They are forced to swim in radioactive water! Canada, you should be ashamed!

Perhaps you don't believe me. Research detail at www.uraniumweaponsconference.de, view www.beyondtreason.com, or view Leuren Moret's DVD, *Connecting the Dots*, available from www.wethemedia.tv. Moret's doctoral thesis focused on nuclear radiation and its impact on public health. Her DVD presentation is important to help you understand how criminally insane many, perhaps all, our leaders and their puppet masters really are! Research the public record to understand the deceit and obfuscation which led to this pristine area being used by the U.S. military. This is the first time in Canadian history the Federal Government has made a hostile expropriation of provincial territory. [24]

The Canadian Federal government proceeded with its expropriation in 1999, despite 22,500 written and 235 oral objections being presented at the 1999 public hearing about this test range. From the record of public objection comes this crystal clear statement: "To permit the Federal Government to expropriate the Nanoose seabed to aid and abet the United States Navy to perfect weapons of mass destruction is nothing less than a crime against humanity." [25]

Bertrand Russell clearly states that such directions are deliberately chosen by those who deceitfully lead us. “Diet, injections and injunctions will combine, from a very early age, to produce the sort of beliefs that the authorities consider desirable, and any serious criticism of the powers that be will become psychologically impossible.” [26] Ted Turner adds, “A total population of 250-300 million people, a 95% decline from the present levels, would be ideal.” [27]

Bertrand Russell continues, “Gradually, by selective breeding, the congenital differences between rulers and the ruled will increase until they become almost different species. A revolt by the plebs would become as unthinkable as an organised insurrection of sheep against the practice of eating mutton.” [28]

Who are these people? What do they think they’re doing? Maybe more to the point, why must I be here? Beam me up, Scotty!

They are other facets of us, doing their best, without knowing they are Spirit, without knowing they are integral parts of our One Sacred Being, here to tend and keep this garden planet, and assist everything to rise to its next highest frequency, or level of function.

If you think I’m exaggerating, if you don’t think it can be this absurd, download the movie *www.zeitgeist:the movie.com* to see where the global elite would like your life and mine to be, not years, but months from now! View Alex Jones’ release, *Endgame: Blueprint for Global Enslavement*, which reveals the role of eugenics in the diabolical, elitist's plans, and the more recent releases *Esoteric Agenda* and *The Calling.*

I now know the one very important thing Spirit told me I must know, as I studied The Power of Positive Thinking at the age of 12. I now understand what I didn’t when I was 13 years old, which caused me to think I didn't have the authority to send my letter to President Eisenhower. And, unlike my vexed condition at the rear of my grade 3 classroom, I am now well aware of how things work here on earth. Humankind functions individually and collectively out of ancient, unresolved trauma. We are automatically suspicious, defensive, judgmental, and tend to kill simply out of habit. The more power we have, the more suspicious, defensive, judgmental and eager to kill we become. We like to do things just because we can. Morality and awareness of life’s implicate order are unknown to the ego. Ultimately, if we do not awaken to Spirit, we will destroy even ourselves.

From Alex Jones latest documentary exposing the mounting global madness comes this quote:

> *The elite who occupy the commanding heights ... are suicidal nihilists. Suicidal nihilists know there is no longer any substantive purpose to their willing, but they would always prefer to go on willing, than not to act at all. They can very happily ally themselves with a notion of nuclear holocaust.* [29]

It is about to happen again! If you have been waiting for an alarm to ring, wait no longer. It is ringing. This world is our dream together. It is time for this nightmare, which comes to focus in

secret satanic societies hiding in plain view on the world stage, yet exists in essence throughout all human experience in denial of spirit, to end!

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

WHEN WE SAY WAR, WE MEAN PEACE!

> *The new world order will be built ... by an end run on national sovereignty: eroding it piece by piece will accomplish much more than the old fashioned frontal assault.*[30]
>
> *The Constitution is just a goddamn piece of paper.* George W. Bush [31]

War? Peace? Actually, the "ruling elite" want sustained paranoia, gauged via the day's level of media-posted terror alert! The ongoing, contrived "Punch and Judy Global Media Show" is designed to keep us baffled, and scuttling along isolated from one another, in fear. Trilateralist David Rockefeller reveals the complicity of the media throughout our lifetime, in support of this diabolical march of folly:

> *We are grateful to the Washington Post, the New York Times, Time Magazine and other great publications, whose directors have attended our meetings and respected their promises of discretion, for almost 40 years. It would have been impossible for us to develop our plan for the world, if we had been subjected to the light of publicity during those years. But the world is more sophisticated and prepared to march towards a world government. The supranational sovereignty of an intellectual elite and world bankers, is surely preferable to the auto-determinism practised in past centuries.* [32]

I don't agree, David!

Look at the war on drugs. It is actually a war on competition! Many of our governments, with their military and police forces, have drug trafficking sewn up. In North America, the U.S. Government, the U.S. Forest Service and U.S. military are by far the major traffickers of heroin, cocaine and marijuana. Canada is little better. The illegal drug trade generates vast cash flow for covert "black ops", helps the elite further manipulate Third World nations, and blunts the consciousness and will of the vast population which uses drugs, making them easier to manipulate and deceive. [33]

A friend served as a medic in Vietnam. He was disgusted to find he was required, by his commanding officers and his government, to load bricks of cocaine into the body bags of dead soldiers while on duty, to smuggle them back into the United States. The supposed war on drugs is a charade. Police forces are centrally involved in drug distribution, in concert with the Hell's Angels, affiliated biker gangs, the Mafia, the Asian triads and Vietnamese and Russian gangs. [34]

OUR FOOD is no longer food. It is genetically modified, toxic junk, a shadow of the natural food it once was. And it has likely been irradiated, courtesy of The Bruce and other CANDU

reactors, made thoroughly inert, dead, so it can remain on a shelf forever and not rot. Our food, if we can call it that, because it is no longer food for our bodies, is also being sprayed with unknown other toxic substances courtesy of Health Canada and the corporate "Nazis" who tell them what to do.

OUR WATER is chlorinated, producing arteriosclerosis, and is fluoridated, which doesn't reduce cavities but does increase a large array of diseases. Fluoride is a toxic by-product from the refining of bauxite, producing aluminum, and is used in the manufacture of insecticides and rat poison. It is put in toothpaste to eliminate the need to properly dispose of this toxic waste, all the while making us sick. All this serves the medical and pharmaceutical Mafia perfectly. This is not occurring by fluke, by bad luck. Follow the money. It is all very well planned and orchestrated. [35]

OUR AIR! Google "chemtrails" and view the DVDs listed in the rear of this book in the resource section. The U.S. military began spraying toxic waste, dominantly aluminum oxide (another toxic by-product from the refining of bauxite) and barium, into the upper atmosphere over the USA, Canada, parts of Mexico, Europe, Scandinavia, Australia and New Zealand back in the mid 1990's, perhaps earlier. From outer space our planet is no longer the Blue Planet, it is now silver. The aluminum/barium haze reflecting light back into the universe is actually accelerating global warming! And what does aluminum do? [36]

OUR HEALTH! As we breathe the smaller than .0005 micron particles they cross the blood/ brain barrier and replace copper in our neurological pathways, contributing massively to Alzheimer's disease, and other neurological disorders to mention nothing of causing upper respiratory problems. "We were not designed to breathe these materials. Especially at the tiny particulate size, which has over and over been proven to cause increased death rates." [37]

Observe what occurs to your breathing, to your sinuses and your mental clarity, on days with especially high volumes of aerial spraying. Did you notice that a few years ago, all medical authorities, including our doctors, had to sign a document which prevents them from talking about all this, for fear of losing their licenses to practise? [38]

Remember all the hype about an avian or swine flu pandemic? Its viral source has been prepared for residents, most particularly of the Western world, for our consumption. Boards of health throughout the Western world have been warned to expect a (fully contrived) flu pandemic. The global elite have created, in their laboratories, a delightful cocktail to supplement the chemtrails which have been hazing our skies for the past fifteen years, to cull the population significantly. They are now taking OUR LIVES! [39]

Central to all this contrived pandemonium, the U.S. Government, in concert with, and under the direction of, the global elite puppet masters, carefully planned and orchestrated the destruction of the New York City World Trade Center towers. That meticulously crafted event, with its human "collateral damage" carefully calculated to engender fear, to create the image of an evil "other " (in fact their own paid "terrorists"), to justify curtailing civil liberties, was designed to haze the U.S. population into thinking they were being attacked by terrorists. Many U.S. citizens now

believe their government, via their military, is justified in pursuing alleged terrorists anywhere on earth, to prevent such an attack from occurring again.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

"PEACE" TOUCHES A FEW LIVES

When I was 20 years old, with Richard Ivey's support and friendship, a group of friends and I created "As You Like It," an artists' and crafts-people's co-operative on Horton Street, in London, Ontario. The Salvation Army ran a men's shelter a couple of doors down from our storefront. A middle-aged fellow, old for his years, walked stiffly with two canes. He stood out to me. His presence somehow didn't fit with living at the Salvation Army. I began greeting him, and as our relationship grew, I discovered he had lived at the Salvation Army for a number of years.

He gradually told me his story. He had been a very good mechanic, and was an inventor. He had developed a carburetor which significantly improved gas mileage. He said he was beginning to market his carb, when he was visited by two goons with baseball bats, who made it clear that he wouldn't be taking his invention anywhere. They broke his legs and kneecaps while they told him they had been paid $500 each, by a major Canadian oil company, to be sure he went no further with his carburetor. Vastly more efficient carburetors have been possible for decades. [41]

General Motors, from 1996 until August 2003, when they confiscated the last of their EV1 electric cars from their leaseholders, made it quite clear that electric cars are more than capable of providing an immediate alternative to gas guzzlers. Why are none of them running pollution free on our highways and byways? Some money, some lobbying, and I shudder to think what else, caused California legislators to "magically" rescind the emission control bill, which had inspired General Motors to develop their brilliantly successful electric car in the first place. [42]

Oil may well be at its peak, but again we are being played for suckers. The petroleum kings are simply crying "limited supply" to raise their prices and take even more profit. In the very near future, when they think they've profited enough, and their well-orchestrated global control game is more clearly in their hands, they will reveal some of the many free energy devices they have murdered so many for, for over a century, to keep from popular usage.

Free energy machines would be available now if their inventors weren't being killed.

Bruce de Palma, an acquaintance in L.A., inventor of the "N Machine," a perpetual motion electrical generator, had been trying to take his machine to market since the late 1970s. I met with Bruce in his machine shop, and tested his claims with my ammeter, ohmmeter, and voltmeter. What he claimed was true. Way back in 1981, before he made many more refinements to his revolutionary generator, it was putting out 25% more electricity than it took to run. Free Energy. Each home, business, automobile, boat and plane could have one of these perpetual motion generators. There would be no need for petroleum. And we would have a very different world.

Sadly Bruce was found dead in mysterious circumstances in October 1997, a fate similar to that of countless others throughout this devious oil cycle, starting back in the 1860s, and rife throughout fallen human history. [43]

It is little known that Rudolph Diesel, the German inventor of the engine that bears his name, similarly met his demise in mysterious circumstances, on a ferry while crossing the English Channel. Mr. Diesel boarded the S.S. Dresden on September 29, 1913 to cross the Channel. His body was found floating in the Scheldt River, on October 18, 1913. Rudolph had developed the diesel engine so that farmers the world over could run their tractors and other vehicles on non-polluting vegetable oil, produced from their own fields. This is why it is so easy for diesel engines, today, to be altered only slightly to run on the "new", environmentally friendly fuel, vegetable oil.

With the inventor conveniently out of the way, he was no longer able to object to petroleum being used in his patented engine. The fuel jets were altered slightly to run on less refined gasoline, called Diesel fuel, in honour of the unfortunate inventor.[44]

Have you heard of Nikola Tesla? It is far more likely you are aware of the names of the businessmen he worked for, Thomas Edison and George Westinghouse. Numerous early electrical patents are in their names, though the actual inventions poured through the genius of Nikola Tesla. Tesla was so much the Father of Electricity that in his presentations at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York City, his home early in the last century, he would hold incandescent light bulbs aglow in his hands, demonstrating the safety of alternating current electricity as it coursed through his body. [45]

Definitely an illumined being.

He had electrified the city of Buffalo, N.Y. in 1896, by providing it with alternating current electricity, revolutionary for its day. All electricity until that time had been direct current. The source of his radical a/c electricity was a remarkable 22 miles away at Niagara Falls, much too far for direct current to efficiently be sustained. This radical display of new technology was made possible using his patented inventions.

Nikola Tesla, the Father of Electricity, was the visionary engineer who oversaw the construction of the Niagara Falls hydroelectric generating plant. Tesla's biography reveals that he didn't work with blue-prints. All the engineering detail came directly through his mind. He would, to the tiniest detail, dictate specifications to everyone working on the project: lathe turnings for commutators, and bearing races for the turbines, for example. He'd let them "run" in his subconscious for a week or two, then "view" them in his conscious mind to check them for wear, then make the appropriate engineering changes to improve their operation. Attesting to his creative genius, his biographers tell us no maintenance repairs needed to be made to the turbines or generators he designed until the early 1960s, nearly 65 years following their installation!

Here was a man who clearly stated that the entire world could be electrified if we had specific portals on the planet connected properly with the celestial flow of the electrical/magnetic currents coursing throughout the universe. He proposed just such a project while working for

J.P.Morgan, the noted industrialist and financier of the early 20th century, who absolutely overruled the advent of free energy on earth, declaring electricity to be a resource which needed to be metered, sold and paid for by consumers.

I suspect Tesla's inventions but hint at what will become available as we open more fully to Spirit.
Is it not time this suppression, manipulation, self-serving greed and lust for power and control stopped? And how will it stop? It will stop as we surrender to Spirit and, as mature adults, reach through our fear and lethargy, or our justification for silence because we breached our integrity a while ago and accepted payment, or some less pleasant coercion, to be quiet. Two wrongs do not make a right. It is time for many a prodigal son and daughter to return home, to return to Spirit. The power of love, not the love of power, ultimately reigns, on earth as throughout the universe.

History repeats itself, unless we awaken to the past. Only in so awakening are we able to actually be present, and able to observe current reality. Unresolved past trauma provides a veil of denial, which keeps us collectively trapped in a repeating loop. This psychological phenomenon serves those who would control us very well, except that it ultimately may prove to trap them, as we'll see in the chapters which follow.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

CONSPIRACY THEORY? NO ─ CONSPIRACY FACT!

> *None are more hopelessly enslaved than those who falsely believe they are free.* Johann Wolfgang von Goethe
>
> *Our enemies are innovative and resourceful, and so are we. They never stop thinking of ways to harm our country and our people. And neither do we.* George W. Bush [46]

I'm not talking about conspiracy theory. I'm pointing out that it is a fact. Denial does nothing but contribute to the problem.

> *In Germany, the Nazis first came for the Communists, and I did not speak up, because I was not a Communist. Then they came for the Jews and I did not speak up because I was not a Jew. Then they came for the trade unionists and I did not stand up because I was not a trade unionist. Then they came for the Catholics and I did not speak up because I was not a Catholic. Then they came for me, and by that time there was no one to speak up for anyone. German pastor Friedrich Gustav Neimeiller.* [47]

One of the biggest elements supporting this global horror is the disbelief of the average human being. Most cannot believe that anyone, much less a brilliant, sophisticated, well-orchestrated group of men, has been plotting the creation of Prison Planet Earth for over 250 years! The other significant contributing factor, of course, is the fact that many people tend to subscribe to similar methods of living in their own daily lives. A popular adage expresses this clearly: "The only thing wrong with money and power is that I don't have enough of it!" We thus deserve the leadership we've got.

Here's a revealing quote from Sir Josiah Stamp, President of the Bank of England through the 1920's, then the second wealthiest man in England:

> *The modern banking system manufactures money out of nothing. The process is perhaps the most astounding piece of sleight-of-hand that has ever been invented.... Banking was conceived in iniquity and was born in sin. The Bankers own the earth. Take it away from them, but leave them with the power to create deposits, and with the flick of a pen they will create enough deposits to buy it back again. However, take it away from them, and all great fortunes like mine will disappear, and they ought to disappear, for this would be a happier and better world to live in. But, if you wish to remain the slaves of Bankers and pay the cost of your own slavery, let them continue to create deposits.* [48]

Shortly before his assassination, 150 years ago, President Abraham Lincoln clearly stated:

> As a result of the Civil War, corporations (Banking) have been enthroned, and an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavour to prolong its reign by working on the prejudices of the people until wealth is aggregated in the hands of a few, and the republic is destroyed. I feel at this moment more anxiety for the safety of my country than ever before, even in the midst of war. [49]

Lincoln was assassinated by John Wilkes Booth, who had been hired by the European Bankers to pull the trigger, because Lincoln was going to pay for the accumulated war debt by having the U.S. treasury create the money, just as the Founding Fathers had intended. This was not why the bankers had fomented the Civil War, however. They created the Civil War to profit from it, and so they disposed of Lincoln, just as they disposed of John and Bobby Kennedy, a hundred years later.

Just prior to JFK coming into power, outgoing President Eisenhower expressed the following concerns to the American public, and to the world, in his Farewell Address to the Nation:

> *Throughout America's adventure in free government, our basic purposes have been to keep the peace, to foster progress in human achievement, and to enhance liberty, dignity and integrity among people, and among nations. To strive for less would be unworthy of a free and religious people. Any failure traceable to arrogance, or our lack of comprehension or readiness to sacrifice would inflict upon us grievous hurt, both at home and abroad.*
>
> *In the councils of government, we must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military industrial complex. The potential for the disastrous rise of misplaced power exists and will persist.*
>
> *We must never let the weight of this combination endanger our liberties or democratic processes. We should take nothing for granted. Only an alert and knowledgeable citizenry can compel the proper meshing of the huge industrial and military machinery of defence with our peaceful methods and goals, so that security and liberty may prosper together.* [50]

In a public address shortly before his assassination, here is what President John F. Kennedy had to say:

> *Ladies and Gentlemen: The very word secrecy is repugnant in a free and open society, and we, as a people, independently, and historically, opposed secret societies, secret oaths and secret proceedings. We are opposed around the world by a monolithic and ruthless conspiracy, that relies primarily on covert means for expanding its sphere of influence, on*

infiltration instead of invasion, on subversion instead of elections, on intimidation instead of free choice. This is a system which has conscripted vast human and material resources into the building of a tightly knit, highly efficient machine, that combines military, diplomatic, intelligence, economic, scientific and political operations. Its preparations are concealed, not published. Its mistakes are buried, not headlined. Dissenters are silenced, not praised. No expenditure is questioned, no secret is revealed. That is why the Athenian law maker Solon decreed it a crime for any citizen to shrink from controversy.

I am asking for your help in the tremendous task of informing and alerting the American people, confident that with your help man will be what he was born to be, free and independent. [51]

The heinous machinations these three presidents speak of continue at an unprecedented pace today. This is why our politicians and those who direct them have their meetings behind locked doors, behind three miles of barricades. They are concluding specific plans dating back easily 250 years, designed to control the entire planet. Yet actually, this peculiar trait can trace its roots back 18,000 years to the early years of the gradual sinking of Lemuria long before the submersion of Atlantis when, initially, everything seemed to be under the control of a powerful group of overlords.

But just as control slipped through their fingers then, as vibrational dissent and descent without Spirit continued, so it is now, as we re-awaken. It appears that very soon an elite few will have us all in their grasp. But, once again, any degree of success they may achieve will be short lived, because we are re-awakening to Spirit, re-membering that whatever we do to one another, we also do to ourselves. We are in fact One. As has been said by a pundit unknown, "One is not free until all are free." We are coming free of the ancient, traumatized, ego-mind, separate from Spirit, now.

Whether Bilderberger or Moose Lodge, blue blood or mixed blood, First Nations, Christian or Jew, Fundamentalist Baptist or Islamic Fundamentalist, Mormon, Lutheran, Roman Catholic, Anglican, Russian Orthodox, Bahai, Muslim, Hindu, Sikh, Jain, New Age, United, atheist, agnostic, or nihilist, we are One. Here. Now.

We have not evolved from some chance lightning strike in primordial slime. Darwin's "theory" was and remains just that, an hypothesis. We human beings were created by Spirit, celestial and radiant in origin, Spirit so vast in its wisdom, it allowed human beings, its vehicle for expression on earth, to deny, and even forget, their spiritual origins.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

THE SOLUTION ─ THE TIME IS NOW!

> *It is well enough that people of the nation do not understand our banking and monetary system, for if they did, I believe there would be a revolution before tomorrow morning.* Henry Ford
>
> *I believe that if the people of this nation fully understand what Congress has done to them over the past 49 years, they would move on Washington: they would not wait for an election ... It adds up to a preconceived plan to destroy the economic and social independence of the United States.* Senator Geo. W. Malone, Rep. Nevada, Congressional Record, 1957.
>
> *Tampering with the flow is the birth of suffering.* Sri AmmaBhagavan .

It is my deepest wish that this Cosmic Alarm Clock helps us awaken and return to Spiritual Source. Beyond blame, beyond judgement, we are One. We have created this current global circumstance together. We hold both the responsibility for, and the ability to reveal, the solution to it. As we stand back from our planetary sandbox and allow Spirit into our lives, we may see that resolution is available to all our conceived problems. We are One in Spirit. Without Spirit, we fracture into the approximately 6.8 billion pieces currently incarnate on the planet.

In my childhood tale of observing ants, I somehow found the single inch-column of news four years later, that provided a link vital to my developing awareness. I find this miraculous. Similarly, with my experience at age 13, I spoke with the Ontario Hydro representative about depleted uranium, then with my wife's cousin 24 years later, and discovered more vital detail; then met Leuren Moret another 21 years later and learned what is actually done with The Bruce and other CANDU spent nuclear fuel rods. What are the chances of these essential pieces coming together? At the level of a human being, isolated and stumbling, or perhaps strutting around on this planet, it would be virtually impossible. But because we are Spirit and are functioning at other levels simultaneously, following a deeper, more transcendent script, the chances are very good, perhaps even approaching 100%.

As we pay attention, just the right piece of information comes along, at just the right time, to move us away from disaster. Hopefully these few words can assist in saving us considerable grief in these next few years, as we awaken to Spirit and make history together.

As a young boy of 13, I didn't think I held the authority to address the President of the United States. I thought I was missing something vitally important. I thought I didn't understand enough to address such seemingly august authority. Yet it is this very insecurity which allows those who "lead" us to do what they are doing, and allows us to sheepishly follow.

> *Psychologist Stanley Milgram, in a series of now classic experiments, ordered subjects to administer what they believed to be painful shocks to another person. (Actually, the victim, a confederate of the experimenter, only pretended to be in pain.) Most subjects, although visibly anguished over what they were being asked to do, were incapable of saying no to the authority, a psychologist in a white coat. Sixty-five per cent of these ordinary people were willing to inflict severe, possibly permanent, damage by pushing the bogus lever of the apparatus to its highest setting. Even when they heard terrible screaming from the other room, they could not bring themselves to walk out on the experiment.* [52]

Albert Einstein wisely observed, "The world is a dangerous place not because of those who do evil, but because of those who look on and do nothing."

It is time for us to take responsibility for ourselves, and for our world.

Do you know how the British/Argentine war ended in 1982, after only 72 days? It ended because the foot soldiers refused to fire their guns! Commanding officers shot their own soldiers in the feet to keep them in fighting positions, and the soldiers still refused to pull their triggers. Argentina was forced to surrender and the war ended. This is the power we each hold in our life.

If you are a soldier, stop fighting. If you are part of a "Security Force," a police force, question who and what it is you're supporting. Millions of soldiers have been deliberately poisoned by their governments in recent years, and tens of thousands have been killed. Find out what the troops returning from Iran, Iraq and Afghanistan really have to say about their exposure to depleted uranium, to forced inoculation with damaging substances, to inadequate or non-existent health care once back home and how compromised their remaining quality of life is. Ask about the staggering suicide rates among soldiers once they have returned home. Ask about the Mexican enlistment program, whereby illegal immigrants caught just inside the U.S. border are offered stiff jail time, or are guaranteed American citizenship if they enlist in the army. [53]

You may be doing what you're doing to earn a few bucks, trying to get ahead. You may think supporting these criminals is the right thing to do. Henry Kissinger, former U.S Secretary of State, thinks, "[M]ilitary men are just dumb, stupid animals used as pawns in foreign policy." [54]

These masters of deception are very good at dividing us one against the other, for their selfish gain. Learn what, really, is going on. Humanity is One. Fighting each other is inevitably a losing battle.

Humanity is in a critical time of transition. Our economic system is in crisis, our environment and climate are in crisis, yet these are but out-of-control reflections of out-of-control stewards. As we each align with Spirit, our world changes reflecting these personal shifts.

The Divine is intervening now, entering human experience through cracks in consciousness, through open hearts, en masse, helping us move beyond the impending disastrous crescendo of humankind's best effort, the long contrived lockdown of Prison Planet Earth, under the apparent control of an elite few.

By habit we identify with our ever-changing thoughts and emotions. By grace, by virtue of this awakening time in which we find ourselves, growing numbers find themselves de-clutched from the constantly flowing river of thought and emotion which has mesmerized us, individually and collectively, for millennia. There is no need to claim a thought or an emotion as it enters one's awareness; just as sitting on the bank of a river as a tree branch or a boat floats by, we don't claim them as our own.

Jerry Rubin, one of the Chicago Eight, who made headlines as a radical social activist in the '60s, later said, "It's the spiritual movement that's truly revolutionary. Without self-awareness, political activism only perpetuated cycles of anger ... I couldn't change anybody until I changed myself." [55]

This observation is vitally important. There is much to be done politically, economically, environmentally, interpersonally ─ in every field of human endeavour. Yet for profound, truly revolutionary change to appear in the world, its source must be discovered behind the human personality, in Spirit. Genuine change is not founded in anger, in reaction to what currently exists. Anger ultimately spawns only more anger. Genuine change emerges by virtue of grace, and is revealed through open-hearted people aligned with Divine Presence, aligned with their innate oneness with all life, with their responsibility for stewarding life on this sacred blue planet.

The elite themselves, who seem to be so much in charge, who are they really? What do they really know, behind all their bravado? This next quote shows how some of them fared during and after the last big financial cycle they manipulated.

> *In 1923, a group of the world's most successful financiers met at the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago. Present were: the president of the largest independent steel company, the greatest wheat speculator, the president of the New York Stock Exchange, a member of the President's Cabinet, the greatest "bear" on wall street, the president of the Bank of International Settlement, and the head of the world's greatest monopoly. Collectively, these tycoons controlled more wealth than there was in the United States treasury, and for years newspapers and magazines had been printing their success stories and urging the youth of the nation to follow their examples.*

Twenty five years later, let's see what happened to these men. The president of the largest independent steel company, Charles Schwab, lived on borrowed money for the last five years of his life, and died broke. The greatest wheat speculator, Arthur Cutten, died abroad, insolvent. The president of the New York Stock Exchange, Richard Whitney, was released from Sing Sing. The member of the president's cabinet, Albert Fall, was pardoned from prison so he could die at home. The greatest "bear" on Wall Street, Jesse Livermore, committed suicide. The head of the world's greatest monopoly, Ivan Kreuger, committed suicide. All of these men had learned how to make money. These men never learned to live. In fact, it is questionable if they really learned how to make money. [56]

Those who hold so much power in the world today, long to hold more. We all rightly embrace and embody far more power, control and wealth than we currently know. Those who currently hold so much power would not be in such positions if, in Spirit, it were not already available. In humility, I would suggest that the greater power and fulfilment being sought, which we all seek, is available not through grasping at it in the material sense, but by letting it all go. An ancient Chinese proverb illustrates this simple truth.

A young boy had captured a wren, and was proudly showing it to his grandfather, the bird cupped in his outstretched hands. Grandfather appreciated the little bird, expressed how beautiful it was, and told the boy that it was meant to fly, to be free. He suggested to his grandson that if he released the bird, if it really were to be his, it would return to him. Pondering this, the boy released the bird and then discovered greater pleasure in observing the joyous little wren in its flight.

In giving, the heart opens and fulfilment is known. Ask yourself if this might be true. I suspect you'll find a "Yes" of some magnitude, followed perhaps by cascades of, "No, I can't do that!" A ceaseless cacophony of fear-based argument may follow. Yet it is true. In giving, we receive. In giving, we open ourselves to the generous flow of life. The genuine power, control and majesty we all seek is ONLY available by releasing preoccupation with the external world, turning in deep reverence within, to Spirit, to our very source, and allowing this to flow through us into the world.

The Golden Age is dawning. In the next very few years, between now and the thresholds ahead in 2011 and 2012, by 2015 life on planet earth will be very different from what has been known these past several thousand years. [I add, now in 2021, I was wrong. Though we are increasingly within the embrace of a new Aquarian/Water Age, which heralds a new 26,000 year cycle or platonic year, the satanic forces refuse to repent and allow Life's intended Golden Age to emerge. Sadly unprecedented destruction is being imposed upon a naive humanity, as has occurred repeatedly, for precisely the same reason, throughout this fallen cycle of nearly 20,000 years. Satan and his fallen demonic associates think they are finally going to rule earth as their own because in Reality the "fallen" Platonic Cycle is concluding. All Satan can do is twist, distort and destroy Creation to his conceived advantage, but his time is soon to end.

To proceed as is currently planned, to complete the One World Order agenda, to create a Prison Planet, even more separate from the rest of the universe, would ultimately damage primarily those who wish to complete such an agenda. Sure, countless millions can be exterminated, but it ABSOLUTELY does NOT mean that, if done, the deceptively intended results will prevail.

This is an honest "heads up." Free choice does exist, to a point. All that is revealed in such presentations as *Zeitgeist*, *Endgame* and *Esoteric Agenda* can be accomplished. Similar events, nuclear and biological in scope, took place in Atlantis. Denial of Spirit, of the implicate order, occurred in Lemuria before that. I am hopeful we have learned enough through thousands of years of denial, that we can spare ourselves a final few exclamation points, at the end of a long and tiring tale. Civilizations lost and continents sunk, countless empires, kingdoms, fiefdoms, sheikhdoms and nations, all gone. Do we see the pattern yet? Do we recognize its cause yet? Is this enough, yet? Must we beg for strike three?

Spirit loves us. Spirit loves you! Relax. To you who play key roles now, and are focussed on total control of planet earth, thank you for playing a very difficult role. This has taken extraordinary focus of mind, of will. This time now, however, presents a watershed moment for us all. To think that carrying forward a contrived One World agenda will leave an elite group free and in charge, is inaccurate, as well as morally wrong. The ego mind, separate from Spirit, can, at best, attempt only a shadow of what radiant Life presents. This is why we now see, coming onto the world stage simultaneously, "The Golden Age" and "Prison Planet Earth".

Life specialises in "just in time delivery." This is no Trojan Horse slipped into our midst. This is a genuine expression of love and deep compassion. May this gift of presence, grace, and insight seep into our hearts, into our lives and onto the world stage. Bob Dylan asked in song 40 years ago, "How many times must the cannonballs fly, before they're forever banned? The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind." [57] Winds of change are blowin' strong. "Now," is the answer. Now is the time!

If you're the CEO of a munitions plant, or are a USAF or NATO Commander in charge of spraying chemtrails all over our sacred planet, ask yourself how many more sandboxes just like this planet it will take to make you truly happy. Ask yourself if, "Prime Proponent of Global Genocide" is really what you wish to have carved on your headstone?

If you're the CEO of a pharmaceutical giant, take a break. Sign in for a six-week ayurvedic healing retreat and when your stress is gone, and your health is returning, shut down your plant and redirect your lobby team to support nutritional supplements, organic food and alternative, complementary healing practices.

If you're involved in agribusiness, spewing patented, illness-generating seeds the world over, stop it! Cancel your patents, which do nothing but generate death. Let the natural crops, which once grew in abundance on our planet, come back and help us heal our bodies, so long polluted with corruption.

If you're involved in the petrochemical industry, the ayurvedic retreat would do you good too, but for perhaps a bit longer, 2-3 months, to eliminate the heavy metals and astounding pollution

you've lived in for so long. Carol's cousin, who so proudly gave us a tour of his non-polluting nuclear generating facility, died in his late 50s, just as I was writing this book. He was living to the highest of what he knew possible, but his working environment, beyond public relations obfuscation was, and remains, profoundly carcinogenic. Denial does not change reality.

If you're a banker, recognize that you've done very well with your criminal hoax until now. It is time to forgive all your loans. You loaned nothing in the first place. [58] It is now time to assist with the spiritual regeneration of life on planet earth. Your forgiving of loans and financial support of any who can genuinely assist in this transformation, or who are simply in need, will serve you and awakening humanity well. You'll find the sense of fulfilment you've been seeking will appear in your life by releasing your love of power and embracing, instead, the power of love.

If you're a teacher, teach what you know, not what you believe. Teach love, teach from your heart. Learning is difficult if the student is fearful, easy when joyous. Truth is infinitely easier to teach, learn and understand than lies.

Mothers, by and large, keep up the good work. A mother's love is worth more than all the protesting in the world.

So it is for all of us. This is not a time for blame. There is no "other" to blame. It is time to step out of our shared sandbox, to look in the mirror and recognize what we each are doing and why. It is time to recognize where sandbox politics and childish habits come from. We are Spirit, behind all this. We are not the empire we created, not our possessions, not our status, not our heredity, not our inheritance, not our brilliance or beauty or otherwise.

We are here to wisely steward life on this sacred planet, not seek fulfilment through raping, pillaging and plundering all around us!

I recently attended a retreat in southeast India and sent a letter back to the Gulf Island Driftwood newspaper, on Saltspring Island where I live, to let friends know how the experience was going for me. I include it here for your interest.

> *I've come to India to become a deeper, more present, and compassionate human being. I'm discovering, beyond a longstanding interest in being present and aware, layers of defensive, fear-based habits that exist, hiding remarkable idiocy in the very foundations of my perceptions of life. They are extremely difficult to see, much less eradicate. My compassion deepens as I see the pain I've caused others in my blindness.*
>
> *In the retreat we look at personal, familial, societal patterns, yet most essentially, I look at my own quicker-than-knee-jerk assumptions, my subtly hidden modus operandi. But try and change these fundamentals underlying my life, my personality. My God, they're under my skin and everyone else's, everywhere! How can I eradicate a virus I can't even see?*

> *Then a laying-on of hands energy transfer is shared which somehow, amazingly, acts like mind/ego solvent. And Poof! By grace, I am present beyond my subtle, habituated patterns, somehow de-clutched from my mind and I'm able to observe formerly hidden, unconscious processes going on, dating back to childhood, to familial or to more ancient patterning. Wow. I'm present like never before! What a gift! And this new experience lingers and deepens into waves of peace and well-being.* [59]

As we de-clutch from this ancient, traumatized, collective mind, which we tune into individually, we see that, "I am not these thoughts." We each are like radios dialled to various channels, some "nicer" than others, some conceived as "good" and some "bad," but none of them is us, is me, is you. We can observe thoughts on various channels but do not have to claim them as ours. They are simply thoughts. They come, they go. The same is true with emotions. They come, they go. We're not our thoughts, we're not our emotions. Similarly we're not our bodies, because if they really were us, we'd have designed them better, smarter, more attractive, some parts bigger, some smaller. I'm kidding! But you see the point. In the midst of all this, we have the privilege of being present, of being here now.

We are not approaching the end of the world. That is a limited, fear-based interpretation of what might lie ahead, based on projection out of deep-seated trauma. This is the end of a 2,160-year cycle, a 25,920-year / 26,000 year cycle. It is the end of sorrow. It need not involve Armageddon. There is no external God who requires that to occur. We are awakening to our innate divinity. Creating Armageddon to fulfil prophecy requires denial, remaining in fear, worshipping a conceived and projected external God, and maintaining an egoic identity separate from the rest of life. The choice is each of ours, whether to welcome or resist this awakening to Spirit, now well under way.

This project doesn't involve ascending into heaven. There were times in the past when this collective awakening was so far in the future that the best one could do was abide in higher frequencies of consciousness oneself, connected with Spirit, and allow life's blessing to pour through into the world. Fortunately, in this concluding cycle, we are able to welcome heaven into the earth, into our daily, personal lives, and through us onto the world stage. This occurs as we each open our hearts to Divine Presence.

We are One. All simply "is". We're waking up. When sleepwalking, you might believe you're about to be run over by a freight train, when, in fact, you're about to bump into your closed bedroom door. Reality is not as frightening as what we imagine it to be. Fear is an acronym, standing for False Evidence Appearing Real. As in the drama of a nightmare, both the attacker and the attacked have their existence in a dream, which has little to do with reality.

So it is currently in the world. Perpetrators of the One World Order and all other oppressive, manipulative deceivers, and all apparent victims everywhere, with extraordinarily rare exception, have their existence in a dream. We are awakening, now.

Presented here are several pieces, offered in answer to life's big questions, offered to help understand what is really going on in our world. I have not named names, or gone deeper behind the stage, because with this much revealed I trust growing numbers will recognize and accept the opportunity to open their hearts and play their destined part in bringing the game of deceit to an end. It is time for each of us to relax into the embrace of Spirit, to help one another and the world usher in The Golden Age. This is an option far better than destroying the world, orchestrating mass genocide, and attempting to rule the remains, don't you think? It is common knowledge to any gambler that the odds are in favour of "The House." "The House" is calling us Home. "The House" is once again taking charge.

For you who wield significant power in the world, it may appear you have a decision to make. I would suggest this is not so much a decision, as it is a matter of connecting with your heart and allowing it to open. In your heart lies access to Spirit, to your spirit. What is in your heart? What is it Spirit would have you do? Do it. Pay fundamental attention to Spirit through your heart, not with your head. It is this simple. Our primary, most vital relationship is between us and Spirit, Divine Presence, which gives us Life. There is no need to call a board meeting. There is no need to have a chat on the golf course, after the tennis game, out on the yacht, or at your next sequestered meeting in lavish surroundings behind layers of security. You know in your heart, in your gut. This is the time, the moment, of reckoning. This is the purpose for which we each are now incarnate.

Lord Martin Exeter, heir to a significant fortune, pulled the silver spoon from his mouth in 1930, and chose love of Spirit over worldly possessions and power. He moved to 100 Mile House, in the remote interior of British Columbia, and welcomed Spirit more fully into his life. I enjoyed the privilege of working closely with Lord Exeter for many years, and include his poem, "Any Moment," here for your consideration.

Any Moment

Any moment of hating,
Any moment of lying,
Any moment of resentment,
Is a moment of dying.

Any moment of loving,
Any moment of giving,
Any moment of thankfulness,
Is a moment of living.

All our moments add together
Like digits in a sum,

And the answer tells us plainly

Whether life or death shall come. [60]

Life will not allow this aberration to continue much longer on planet earth. The earth is moving into The Golden Age. Celestially sourced, globally homeopathic treatments, delivered to Gaia via thousands of crop circles these past 40 years, have contributed significantly to this change, which is accelerating. All life throughout the universe is cheering on our return to Spirit. This is why beautiful crop circle images embrace this little book.

The current frenzied rushing about to own or oppress the most money, gold, property, people, chattels or whatever else, emphasizes that just below the surface of collective consciousness, and directly in the consciousness of many more, is the common knowledge that we have once again arrived. It is the end of the cycle. Humanity finds itself clutching and grabbing like ill-behaved children, until a higher authority steps in to return order.

A few years remain until we are fully past the fallen nightmare known currently as life on earth. Is it not wise to do what we are able to help this transition be as gracious as possible? If you are contributing to Hell, stop it. If you are aware of Hell being created on earth, protest it. Demand that it stop, Now. Peacefully, but with authority. Bring it into the light of our shared awareness.

You may wish to join the thousands already meditating for world peace at 6 a.m., 12 noon, 6 p.m. and midnight in your time zone, daily around the world, for 15 minutes to half an hour. This contributes significantly to our collective blessing of one another and of our earth, and to our divine flow throughout the universe, ascending back to the Central Sun of our Milky Way Galaxy.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

THE VISTA AHEAD

> *The journey begins and ends with the awareness of where you truly are.* Sri AmmaBhagavan [61]

Ron and I have been friends for over 30 years. We shared an easy resonance at first meeting, and though our lives have taken us in different directions, and we're usually many miles apart, life seems to keep us connected. Last summer, Ron was building a house on one of the beautiful Canadian Gulf Islands. I went to give him a hand with his construction project. I slept in a tent on the deck adjoining his trailer.

As occurs so often in my life, when I lie down to sleep, I observe activity taking place in other dimensions. On this occasion I observed myself helping align a star-beam, a focused current of radiant life energy, coming to earth from the constellation Arcturus. We were aligning this star-beam with the crystalline, geomagnetic grid system of the planet through a specific portal on earth. Once complete, a similar alignment would be arranged for a star-beam coming in from The Pleiades.

My observation of this activity took 12-15 minutes of "earth time". I then went to "sleep".

I awakened at 7 a.m., knocked on Ron's door and exclaimed, "I had an amazing experience last night as I was drifting off to sleep." He replied, "I know. You and I were helping co-ordinate the alignment of two star-beams, one from Arcturus, the other from The Pleiades, into the earth's energetic grid system." He continued describing in detail what we'd been doing. When he paused, mid-sentence, I laughed, and declared, "It's no wonder we're such good friends here on this plane!"

Of equal interest, while participating in a course in India a few weeks later, as I mounted the steps to the Oneness Temple then under construction, I found myself awash with similar, extra-dimensional awareness. The dasa, or monk, who had been assigned to assist me through the course had become a close friend. We were walking side by side as I said, spontaneously, of this remarkable, white marble temple, "We used to call this an Ascension Temple. We haven't had one of these functioning on the planet since Lemuria began to submerge 18,000 years ago." My friend obviously heard me, but said nothing.

We walked a couple more steps leading up to the Temple. I continued expressing what I observed inwardly. "Back then there were six other temples as well. They received celestial energy from universal sources which fed into the earth's energetic grid system." I went on to describe my inner view of the central meditation hall in this extraordinary complex, coming to focus on a portal in its ceiling. This proved to be a perfect description of what was being constructed, though I had neither seen nor had it described to me before. I added that those who would assemble here in meditation, would add a final, conscious blessing to the ascending

energy as it departed the earth, through the ceiling portal en route to Alcyone, the Central Sun of Suns, radiant core of our Milky Way Galaxy.

My friend stopped walking, hugged me, and whispered in my ear, "Yes!" Our beloved Blue Planet, our home, is being re-wired into its proper function within the universe. We are re-awakening to our innate role as conscious, loving stewards of our garden planet. We are emerging from intergalactic quarantine.

I was interested to find, upon my return to Canada, that an email forwarded by friends, conveyed information about Shelley Yates. She was co-ordinating an event entitled, "Fire the Grid." Shelley had died in 2002, in a freak car accident near Halifax, Canada. In her near-death experience, she had gone up the tunnel of light, but was clearly told she couldn't stay. She was directed to return to earth with a mission to accomplish. She was told over the next period of time exactly what would be required of her to help "Fire the Grid" of planet earth, to help revitalize ancient ley lines, the planetary crystalline grid structure and power points of the planet, long forgotten or subdued, yet vital to the well-being of the planet and all life associated with it.

In her automobile accident, Shelley had died, along with her 4-year-old son. Spirit directed her to return, to revitalise her body, which had drowned more than half an hour earlier, and to similarly revitalise the body of her 4-year-old son, dead for 45 minutes. She was also instructed to have her many friends come to bless her little boy, as he lay on life support, in the Halifax hospital. Shelley was inwardly told that the life energy, the essence, poured into her son by her friends, would not only bring him back to life, he would also be healthy, and not suffer brain or any other damage, normal to such extreme situations. To the astonishment of everyone, especially the Halifax medical team, Shelley's little boy returned to conscious life, vigorously unscathed by his experience of death.

Shelley was then instructed to begin a global campaign to "Fire the Grid." Just as she was told to gather a steady stream of friends in vigil to consciously extend their life force into her little boy, to bring him back to life, so, she was told, she could revitalise the life current essential to our larger shared body, our beloved planet earth. On July 17, 2007, beginning at 11:11 a.m. Greenwich Mean Time, people all over the globe united in meditation for an hour to "Fire the Grid," to extend blessing and support to our beleaguered Mother Earth. This meant 4:11 a.m. Pacific Time, for those of us on North America's West Coast. [62]

On July 17, 2007, I awoke in my motorhome, parked on the shores of Cowichan Bay, on Vancouver Island. I began meditating at 3:50 a.m. and by 4:00 a.m. I found myself deeply involved in collective trauma release work, observing a steady stream of horror and abuse steeped upon the Cowichan Tribe, first by the Spanish, then by the British, then by the Catholics, and more recently, by our Provincial and Federal Governments. This included enslavement, torture, beatings, abuse, slaughter, theft, sexual abuse, de-lousing of children's hair with kerosene in the Catholic Residential Schools, destruction of families, of their social order, of their sense of self and place in the world.

Forty minutes of intense video footage rolled by my inner vision. With a lump in my throat I watched with deep compassion. Then it stopped. I felt myself shifting vibrationally,

internally, to a higher perspective, to a place of radiant peace. There I remained for another 20 minutes. I then felt the collective, focused energy of our shared meditation subsiding, lay down and went back to sleep. I trust that my Presence, as part of our One Presence, was useful in helping release some of the trauma heaped upon the Cowichan Tribe, through several generations of abuse.

Just prior to our global Fire the Grid meditation, a beautiful, stylized butterfly appeared as a huge crop circle, in a field near Hailey Wood, England. This inspiring image is presented on the back cover of this book. How brilliantly appropriate! What better symbol could our stellar friends emboss on their favourite writing tablet, the wet, chalky fields near Avebury and Silbury Hill, England, filled with ancient records of our celestial origins? A butterfly, symbolic of awakening humankind's ascent from creeping, earth bound caterpillars, cocooned and isolated, to fulfilment in winged beauty. [63]

Millennia ago, we "fell from heaven," into isolation from intimate, personal connection with Spirit and Universal Source. We now are consciously reconnecting with Spirit, reawakening to who we really are. We suffer from "sin", meaning "without", without awareness of who we truly are. We are, in fact, each facets of One Great Being, one unified multidimensional presence throughout the entire universe. Our confinement "in solitary" is concluding.

Our traumatized, fearful, fractured, ancient consciousness, long estranged from Spirit, is programmed for battle, ultimately for Armageddon. Awakening to spiritual presence behind form, behind our human vehicle of expression, we may observe the dissolution of charged, habitual identification with an ancient river of thought and emotion which has long mesmerized us. Awakening from entranced, automatic dysfunction we begin to recognize, then compassionately acknowledge, the personal, fearful mirroring of our denial. Gazing into this mirror, as one's heart opens, the mirror magically transforms into a window, through which we recognize who we truly are, and the shadows we must embrace to again unite with the divine.

A tape recorder, in recording new information, erases and records over old recordings. As we awaken from our amnesia and recognise the peculiar desire-based magnetic charge of our historically rooted recordings, our unconscious, destructive habits, we can then pay attention to ever-finer essences of being and clarify our behaviour, thereby making new recordings. By grace, as we become present without the habitual, desire-based charge, new "recordings", new expressions of life, can be made. It sounds so simple, yet in doing so this is how our lives change, this is how history is made! This is how our past is faced, how the present can be brought under control, and how the imminent disaster that so many fear may not only be averted but also transcended.

Can we awaken fast enough to avert the creation of vastly more pain and suffering? Can we discharge this historically rooted, and if denied, yet again projected Armageddon? It is our choice, together, here and now. For this purpose we each chose to incarnate, to Be Here Now. It is my dream, actually our dream, that we succeed, quickly and compassionately, and avert vastly more suffering.

At a recent course in India, in the midst of much pain and trauma release, outstanding was the screaming and crying of the Japanese participants. Only 64 years ago, thermonuclear bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, creating horrendous destruction, pain and suffering for the Japanese. That assault was not just on the people who suffered and on the Japanese landscape. It had a far more devastating effect on the Japanese psyche. The scarring remains deeply seared in their cellular and racial memory to this day. I am not free of my trauma until they are free of theirs. None of us is free until we all are free! We are One!

In this release session, these Japanese screams reflected the heartless, ruthless plotting by a handful who, it appears, remain hell-bent on stopping at nothing short of enslaving us all. What arrogance! What callous disregard for Life, for fellow human beings, for all Life, and ultimately for themselves. What remarkable blindness!

I am consistently amazed that those clever enough to plan and execute such detailed, diabolical plots, over hundreds, even thousands of years, somehow do not understand that they are One with all they inflict pain, suffering and death upon. This is an astounding bonus which accompanies denial, I guess. If the One World Order elite proceed with their plans to lock down Prison Planet Earth, thinking that, once and for all, they will have claimed their very own sandbox planet, they will thereby have sealed their fate.

If such people think they'll be able to hide in numerous bunkers carefully created around the world, while chemtrail spraying the rest of us with biologically engineered, airborne, toxic viruses to cull 95% of the world population, and scaring the bejeebers out of remaining humanity with a feigned alien invasion, it will not work! The albatross which would remain dragging around their necks based on the guilt, the horror, the diabolical crime perpetrated, not just against humanity, not just against all life that is this planet, but against our One Universal Spirit, would be unbearable. We each reap as we sow. This fundamental law has not been lobbied, kneecapped or crucified out of existence. Denial does not change reality.

Lao-Tsu wisely observed, in Sixth Century China, "When a man with a taste for reforming the world takes the business in hand, it is easily seen that there is no end to it. For spiritual vessels are not fashioned in the world. Whoever makes, destroys; whoever grasps, loses."

We're all arriving, here and now, in a new spiritual frequency, together. We didn't have to choose this long route of suffering. We could have stayed aligned with Spirit through this cycle, but we chose not to. Next time a new celestial note bathes us in the foreign frequency of a new creative cycle, may we recall this past, lengthy drama, and choose not to become pre-occupied with thoughts and feelings about the manifest world. We can remain aligned with Spirit, with Cosmic Source.

For now we're here, and this cycle is not quite complete. We now choose, individually and thereby together, whether we will create more hell for the next couple of years, or whether we will, in humility, allow Spirit to pour through us, transforming the world very quickly, and washing us clean in the process.

I recently enjoyed the privilege of meditating in the presence of several awakened "Cosmic Beings". Such privileged meditation is akin to sitting in an "Ascension Venturi," if I may coin a phrase. In short order, I found my awareness drawn into the cosmos far ahead of our time and location in the universe. As a conscious facet of our presence throughout the universe, spiralling forward through space, I looked back through the dimensions I had just traversed and, in the lower left of my vista, I detected a wormhole, through which it was just possible to discern that, at the other end of that wormhole, existed our entire solar system.

Such perspective is helpful in viewing our problems here on earth. As we return to Spirit, resolutions will appear to seemingly unsolvable situations from quite unexpected sources.

Many are currently concerned about "peak oil," about the imminent end of petroleum, and the profound impact this will have on our civilization. Yet if greed and lust for power were not involved, we'd already have enjoyed free energy for well over a century. If we each simply open our hearts to Spirit, and let ego posturing subside, it will become readily apparent that there is no energy crisis, other than what has been manipulated to appear so.

Al Gore's movie, *An Inconvenient Truth* presents detail long known to many, about how our collective insanity affects the ecosystems of our planet. Melting polar ice caps, and the devastating effect this may have on the world's heavily populated, low-lying areas can cause great concern. For the control freaks, this is wonderful. It keeps the masses fretting, and thereby more easily controlled. What can be done? How can this situation possibly be remedied? Certainly not from the same level of consciousness as that which created the problem! (Yes---I know we're actually in a cycle of global cooling---but that's another story.)

May I suggest a creative possibility? We are aligning again with Spirit. In our pre-historic past, as we refused the wise and loving embrace of Spirit, the earth stopped spinning, reversed polarity and shrank. Ocean levels rose. It is easily possible that as the intelligence of universal Spirit fully returns in the next few years, the earth may expand to its former size, buoyed up again by Spirit, pouring into the earth through our open hearts. Water levels would thereby subside, not rise.

I don't know that this is what will occur, but I do know that trusting Spirit will take far better care of us, here on earth, than we have been able to manipulate, "in solitary", without the graceful flow of Spirit, pouring through us and blessing the earth.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,

Which, taken at the flood,

Leads on to fortune;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life

Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

On such a full sea are we now afloat;

And we must take the current when it serves,

Or lose our ventures. [64]

With open hearts, let us welcome Spirit, let us awaken to our innate Oneness, and herald the dawning Golden Age. Spirit is welcoming us home. What will your choice be? Will you welcome this great gift, or resist it? Our answers individually and thus collectively will reveal, over the next very few years, how gracefully, or less so, our return to Source, to Spirit, to Love, will be.

Love is all there is.

Namaste

From ancient Sanskrit, meaning the divine in me acknowledges and respects the divine in you.

APPENDICES

Appendix 1.

The Creation of Money, The Creation of Debt

> *Give me control of a nation's money supply, and I care not who makes its laws.* Meyer Rothschild [65]

> *The government should create, issue, and circulate all the currency. Creating and issuing money is the supreme prerogative of government and its greatest creative opportunity. Adopting these principles will save the taxpayers immense sums of interest and money will cease to be the master and become the servant of humanity.* Abraham Lincoln [66]

> *Congressman Patman: 'Mr. Eccles, how did you get the money to buy those two billion of government securities?'*
> *Eccles: 'We created it.'*
> *Patman: 'Out of what?'*
> *Eccles: 'Out of the right to issue credit money.' (ie. out of thin air!)* Marriner Eccles, Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board. [67]

Allow me to share another of my remote viewing experiences. As I continued to research economics, the role of central banks, and the creation of money and debt, my passionate interest presented me with a few bird's eye, or more accurately, a-fly-on-the-wall's views, of what is taking place regarding global banking, the creation of money and debt. I remote-viewed a few global banking meetings in Switzerland.

On one occasion I found myself at the foot of a well-guarded, serpentine driveway, leading rather steeply up to a beautiful Swiss chalet. At the foot of the drive, limousines were being checked by a serious, efficient security force. Each person, each vehicle, was checked and confirmed, and swept for explosives and surveillance devices.

I didn't have a limousine. I was perhaps 20 feet off the ground and quite invisible to the naked eye. I floated past the gated checkpoint and followed the route of the paved driveway, past other guards en route to the mansion further up the hill. The limousines would stop; attendants and doormen would cater to those arriving. They were shown into a stately, well-appointed

conference/board/ball room and before long the presiding dignitaries arrived to welcome all in attendance. A brief outline of the seriousness of world affairs was presented. Immediate detail focused on the next six-week cycle, rolling out to a three-month cycle. Outlined were the steps necessary to move forward the direction required by the bankers and the global elite, toward their long contrived One World Order.

Monetary policy, interest rates, all such detailed directives and apparent reasons for each were delivered to those gathered, representing The Bank of Canada, The Federal Reserve of the United States, The Bank of England and numerous other national, central banks from the G8 nations. As a fly on the wall, I witnessed more than I needed to confirm what I had read, what I had researched for so many years. Banking is a game of deceit and manipulation right to its seminal core.

It is a despicable sham and should be exposed and replaced immediately. View the brilliant 47-minute cartoon by Paul Grignon entitled, "Money as Debt." It's available on "You Tube," or even better, buy a copy at www.moneyasdebt.net .

In essence, if you wish to borrow $100,000 from a bank, they don't have the money, at all. They have the franchised privilege of creating the money out of thin air.

It's like owning a shoe store, and if someone wants to buy a pair of shoes, you, as owner of the shoe store, write on a piece of paper, "shoes", and poof, people believe they have shoes. But for the banker, free inventory isn't good enough. No Sir. They claim to still own those shoes. You'll need to return them, because, although you signed for them and they conjured them from thin air, they actually belong to the shoe store. So at the end of a defined term, they get their shoes (the money) back, plus rent (interest)! How they are taking us for a walk!

It is no wonder so few own and control so much. This is not because of luck. This is not because these crooks are following the popular adage, "Do what you love and the money will follow." It is because they have killed tens of millions of people to be where they are and they are about to kill untold millions more.

As we reclaim this keystone vital to sovereign life, the global, in my instance specifically the Canadian economy, does not need to crumble. As we stand and demand this deceitful lie end, a perfectly sane solution exists. In Canada, The Bank of Canada, part of the Canadian Government, has the constitutional right to print and coin money, to issue legal tender. If we require that our politicians restructure the national debt, by having the Bank of Canada pay out all loans owed by the Federal Government to various banks, using newly created Bank of Canada money, we then will have control of our debt. It will cost nothing more than the related minimal administration fee, and we will again have financial control of our nation. I think the debt could be written down considerably too. At the same time all provincial and municipal debt could be similarly restructured.

John H. Hotson, Professor of Economics at Waterloo University states the remedy thus:

> *The most thorough going reform of Canadian banking would be for the Bank of Canada to buy back from the Chartered Banks all federal debt they hold (I would add provincial and municipal as well), plus sufficient other assets to equal 100% of their demand deposits (M1a) liabilities, and then require them hence forth to maintain 100% reserves against all deposits transferable by cheque. At one stroke this reform would end our present fractional reserve or "private mints system" by which the banks create 95% of the money we use as they make loans. The Bank of Canada, or the Department of Finance, would then become the sole creator of money and the private banks would be reduced to their role of re-lending savings deposited with them without money creation.* [68]

As occurred before that scoundrel Trudeau gave the creation of money, of debt, to bankers, money will again be available to various levels of government for an administration fee of about 0.57% annually. This is how the nation ran from 1935, when the Bank of Canada was created to get us out of the Depression, until Trudeau double-crossed us in 1974, and politicians who followed allowed themselves to accept this nonsense, or were actively involved in expanding this overthrow of democracy designed to hand over our great nation to the Bankers. For more detail about this fiasco, read Paul Hellyer's (our honourable, former Finance and Defence Minister) excellent books, including Stop Think and The Evil Empire, as well as David Orchard's, 400 Years, The Fight for Canada. Get involved in the Canada Action Party and the Council of Canadians.

Money can thus be available for funding at every level, municipally, provincially and federally, for our schools, our health care system, and our social service system. The "divide and conquer" tactic used by the controlling elite, designed to keep us scurrying under assault in various directions, can be overcome by uniting in single-minded attack on reclaiming control of our money. Raising a unified voice demanding our politicians do as Professor Hotson recommends, we will be able to fund our social needs again, not the pockets of the elite.

It is no coincidence that shortly after the Canadian federal government began financing its budget with money borrowed from private banks, rather than from itself, interest rates in the early 1980s reached 25% per annum. Canada was not alone being caught in this sucker play and so it is now in late 2008 as global currencies and markets crumble. Stock market cycles, interest rates, economic cycles, depression, and war, are all very carefully planned and orchestrated. Yes, we deserve better, but we must be awake and united in Spirit to demand it. Without focus in Spirit, we shatter into millions of pieces and there can be no unity. It is only in Spirit, beyond form, that we are One.

Appendix 2

The Corporation

Here is some valuable background information on what has sadly become a cancerous growth on the body politic, the Corporation. Not all corporations are cancerous growths killing their host

society, but this structure is being used by some to deceive the majority, contributing significantly to the destruction of our society, our freedom, our health and ultimately our lives.

Dating back to its inception in medieval Europe, the corporation was allowed to exist by virtue of an annual parliamentary review. Each year the corporation needed to prove it was serving the well-being of society at large. If the corporation fell short of its requirements, it was terminated. This surely needs to be done currently. The extent to which corporate cancer is sucking life from the body politic is criminal, and is contributing significantly to global, societal collapse.

At inception the danger inherent in the corporation was recognized and limits were placed upon it to protect society. Shortly after the legislation which allowed the corporation to exist was passed, further lobbying eliminated any vestige of this vital, original control mechanism. Now corporations appear to rule the world. The corporation, as is now plainly evident, can be used "anonymously" to impose a litany of horrors on the greater population to the benefit of a few, and no one is the wiser, for no one is apparently, legally, to blame. They, the nasty, faceless Corporation, did it! This is not so, however. Hidden masters wield control, tucked discreetly behind the scenes, blameless to all who look on and wonder how it all can be so out of control. It is not at all out of control. It is highly controlled and has been carefully planned this way!

Appendix 3

The Gregorian Calendar and our Measure of Time

Pagan and indigenous calendars used around the globe for millennia used the 28-day lunar cycle as the basis of the month, in a 13-month year. The time it takes for the moon to circle the earth, for many women, coincides perfectly with their menstrual cycle. How miraculous that celestial cycles match intimate rhythms of life here on earth. Rudolph Steiner re-introduced the ancient awareness of sowing seeds and planting crops specifically in sync with the lunar cycle, to Western consciousness in his biodynamic precepts. This methodology increases both the quality and the quantity of plant yield.

Pope Gregory introduced our current Gregorian Calendar in 1582, and moved humanity further away from the celestially harmonious, 13-month measure of time, long used by indigenous cultures around the world. Thirteen months of 28 days totals 364 days. Many native cultures celebrated a "Day out of Time" to account for the necessary additional day, thus accounting for 365 days in the year, and a two-day celebration every four years.

The Gregorian calendar relates to nothing in particular except the total number of days in the full annual count. Within the turn of the 365 days there is no inherent relationship to the cycles of the moon, to natural body rhythms, or to celestial, cyclical constants. If anything, this measure of time shifts humanity further away from perceived connection with celestial rhythm and flow.

What of the names of our months? In the Roman calendar the year began in March, thus September was the seventh month, October was the eighth, November the ninth and December the tenth. For our year, which begins in January, these names are inappropriate and confusing.

Let's examine the number of days in a month. August has 31 days, because when Augustus came into power, Julius had 31 days in the month named after him. So Augustus decreed that his month, August, would have 31 days too, rather than the 30 it had enjoyed for some time prior. The additional day came from February, giving it usually 28 days, with a 29th day every four years. This shows how non-celestially and inaccurately the Gregorian calendar measures time.

Surely it is time to re-evaluate the validity of the Gregorian calendar and institute a measure of time more reflective of consciously awake stewards functioning in harmony with the innate cycles of Life, rather than allowing time to continue as a befuddling measure of money. “Time is money!” is a popular cry of the day.

Appendix 4

Crop Circles

View the remarkable documentary about crop circles produced by Robert Nichol, entitled *Star Dreams*. Robert thoughtfully shows us how life throughout the universe is present and interacting with life on earth, helping us awaken to our shared spiritual source.

“It is perfectly natural to ask if crop circles are natural, but very difficult to explain why they cannot be hoaxed satisfactorily.” Pat Delgado, retired NASA Engineer

The beautiful photographs of crop circles, which serve as the basis of both the front and rear covers of this book, have been provided by Lucy Pringle, www.lucypringle.co.uk. The front cover is based on a crop formation referred to as The Crabwood Event, first seen the evening of Aug. 15, 2002. The butterfly image on the rear cover appeared the night of July 16, 2007.

Recommended web sites:

www.onenessuniversity.org
www.theresonanceproject.org
www.mayanmajix.com
www.themonroeinstitute.com
www.educate-yourself.org
www.heartmath.org
www.glcoherence.org
www.lovelyclara.net
www.cymaticsource.com
www.ic.org
www.hawkscafe.com
www.moneyasdebt.net
www.brasschecktv.com
www.zeitgeist:themovie.com
www.zeitgeist/addendum.com
www.esotericagenda.com
www.endgame: blueprint for global enslavement.com
www.expelledthemovie.com
www.integratethis.ca
www.ronpaul2008.com
www.givemeliberty.org
www.thecrowhouse.com
www.freedomlaw.org
www.realityzone.com
www.aircrap.org
www.ufotv.com
www.redicecreations.com
www.stealingamerica.com
www.objector.org
www.veteransforpeace.org
www.globalresearch.ca
www.globalresources.ca
www.rense.com
www.lifeboatnews.com
www.newscienceideas.com
www.themoneymasters.com
www.mohawknationnews.com
www.carnicom.com
www.discountedcasualties.com
www.depalma.pair.com
www.wespenre.com
www.whatreallyhappened.com
www.sott.net

List of recommended DVD's:

Amazing Grace
Fahrenheit 911- Michael Moore
Enron -Smartest Guys in the Room
Bowling for Columbine – Michael Moore
Who Killed the Electric Car
An Inconvenient Truth – Al Gore
Money As Debt- Paul Grignon
Endgame: Blueprint for Global Enslavement – Alex Jones
Crossing the Event Horizon- Haramein
Wag the Dog
Syriana – George Cloooney
Zeitgeist: The movie – Peter Joseph
America:Freedom to Facism– Aaron Russo
Control Room
Outfoxed: Rupert Murdoch's War on Journalism
What the Bleep Do We Know?
Expelled No Intelligence Allowed- Stein

Most DVD's which follow are available from www.free-thinkersclub.com:

Connecting the Dots, (re. depleted uranium) ─ Leuren Moret
Energy from the Vacuum, (re. free energy) ─Tom Beardon
Stairways to Heaven ─ Freddy Silva
Iraq for Sale – The War Profiteers
Big Bucks, Big Pharma
Aerosol Crimes, aka Chemtrails ─ Clifford G. Carnicom
Holes in Heaven, HAARP
Cell Phone War ─ Klaus Scheidsteger
Nikola Tesla
The Fluoride Deception ─ Christopher Bryson
The World According to Monsanto

Recommended Books:

Awakening to Oneness, Arjuna Ardagh

The Mayan Calendar and the Transformation of Consciousness, Carl Johann Calleman

Solving the Greatest Mystery of our Time, Carl Johann Calleman

The Mayan Code, Time Acceleration and Awakening the World Mind, Barbara Hand Clow

The Power of Now, Eckhart Tolle

The New Earth, Eckhart Tolle

In Search of the Miraculous, Eliza Mada Dalian

Lightning in his Hand, the Life Story of Nikola Tesla, Inez Hunt and Wanetta Draper

Earth in Upheaval, Immanuel Velikovsky

Worlds in Collision, Immanuel Velikovsky

Mankind in Amnesia, Immanuel Velikovsky

The Ultimate Journey, Robert Monroe

Many Lives, Many Masters, Brian Weiss

The Web of Debt, Ellen Hodgson Brown

Suppressed Inventions and other Discoveries, Jonathan Eisen

Delicate Mission: Autobiography of a Secret Agent, Conrad O'Brien-Ffrench

One Heart, One Way: the life and legacy of Martin Exeter, Chris Foster

Notes:

We Are One:

1. Bhagavan, co-founder of Oneness University, Chennai, India.

2. Rusty Schweickart, astronaut, "Them and Us," The Lorian Journal, Vol.2, #1, p. 35.

3. Werner Erhard, founder EST Trainings.

4. "All You Need is Love," The Beatles, Yellow Submarine, 1967, BMI.

5. Chief Seattle, in a letter to President Pierce, 1855, In Context Magazine, Summer1983, p.6.

James Bond Spills a Few Beans:

6. Conrad O'Brien-French, Delicate Mission, Autobiography of a Secret Agent, Skilton & Shaw, London, 1979, front cover leaf.

7. Ibid., p. 209.

8. Ibid., pp. 209, 210.

9. John R. Elsom, Lightning Over The Treasury Building, Meador Publishing Company, Boston, 1941, title page.

10. At one particularly stressful point in a disastrous relationship, many cherished documents and mementoes, gathered through my lifetime, "disappeared", or went to the dump. This included a number of rare books and documents I would prefer to be able to include in this book. I had Winston Churchill's letter. I had the blue, water-and-fire damaged copy of Cycles of War. As I sit here on an overcast morning, my nose dripping and head aching from last night's aerial barrage of chemtrails, I know to my very core that this information, known from direct personal experience, needs to be shared, in support of Life.

11. In reading what is presented in this book, it will either ring true to you, or it won't. Such recognition of resonance often becomes crystal clear about 3 am., in the wee hours of the morning. This brief, specific period in time, is a point of rest for Spirit, a time when the mind has completed the necessary dream processing of events in one's day. Spirit pauses to be Present, before heading back to The Pleiades, Orion, Sirius, Arcturus or another home star, or continues with other assignments in other dimensions of divinely ordained responsibility. We human beings are offered many gifts of insight at this time of night. It remains personal choice what is done with them.

12. Uranda, Divine Design of Man, Emissaries of Divine Light.

13. Uranda, JTS World, Emissaries of Divine Light, 1978, from original papers entitled Voyages to the Sun, 1939.

14. Bhagavan and Amma are husband and wife avatars, spiritual teachers who convey a transfer of energy which facilitates a greater connection with Spirit. Sri AmmaBhagavan (as they are sometimes called) have built a Oneness University and Oneness Temple near Chennai, India. For more information, see Appendix 1.

Music of the Spheres:

15. The precession of the equinoxes, also known as the Platonic Year, is caused by the slow rolling of the earth's polar axis. Right now the rotational axis of the Earth points to Polaris, the "pole star", but this changes slowly over long periods of time. The earth's wobble causes the position of the seasonal quarters to precess against the background of the stars. The rotational axis of the earth precesses about 1 degree every 72 years. The axis of the earth travels in one complete circle or cycle in 25,920 years. The alignment of the sun, the rotational axis of the Earth and the Pole Star Polaris will coincide on December 21, 2012. The rotational axis of the earth will be at the closest point of 180 degrees or in a straight line pointing from the sun to Polaris in the year 2012. This conjunction designates the end of a cycle of precession and the beginning of a new cycle as the earth's axis will start a new, slow moving journey of 25,920 years to complete another complete cycle of precession.

16. The Bible, Joshua 10: 12-13.

17. Immanuel Velikovsky, Mankind in Amnesia, Doubleday and Co., Garden City, 1982, book jacket.

18. Immanuel Velikovsky, ibid.

19. Carl Jung, Flying Saucers, Modern Myth of Things Seen in the Sky, Bollingen Foundation, 1959, Introduction, pg. 11,12 .

20. The Bible, Genesis 2:17

The Emperor has No Clothes:

21. George Orwell, 1984, Signet Books, 1950.

22. Bowen Island Mayor Lisa Barrett, Berkley Daily Planet, 06/03/05, ["Berkley Resolution Sweeps Through Canada"], Leuren Moret.

23. www.mohawknationnews.com , article "Slimey Bottom Feeder Caught in Sharbot Lake", Feb. 10, 2008.

24. "The expropriation of Nanoose Bay by the Government of Canada for U.S. Weapons Testing," Shunpiking Magazine, www.shunpiking.com

25. Ibid.

26. Bertrand Russell, quoted in Alex Jones, Endgame: Blueprint For Global Enslavement, The Disinformation Company, New York, 2007.

27. Ted Turner, quoted in Alex Jones', Endgame.

28. Bertrand Russell, quoted in ibid.

29. Alex Jones, Endgame.

When We Say War, We Mean Peace:

30. Council on Foreign Relations, 1974, pg. 558.

31. President George Bush, Oval Office Republican meeting, reported in article "Piece of Paper", by Doug Thompson, December 5, 2005, capitolhillblue.com

32. David Rockefeller, in Aaron Russo's America: Freedom to Facism, Cinema Libre Productions, 2006.

33. Barry and the Boys, DVD based on the book, Barry and "The Boys": The CIA, The Mob and America's Secret History, Daniel Hopsicker, madcowpress.com

34. Ibid.

35. Mike Adams, "The Mass Poisoning of Humanity," NewsTarget.com, 11/27/05.

36. www.Rense.com- chemtrails, www.lifeboatnews.com

37. "Mortality, and Long-term Exposure to Fine Particulate Air Pollution", Journal of the American Medical Association, March 6, 2002.

38. Leuren Moret, Connecting the Dots, DVD.

39. Endgame, Alex Jones, and Zeitgeist, DVDs.

40. Ibid.

"Peace" Touches a Few Lives:

41. Though I have no specific corroborating evidence in support of this gentleman's

story, Jonathan Eisner, in his book Suppressed Inventions and other Discoveries, provides documentation detailing not only the suppression of vastly superior carburetors, but much else as well.

42. Who Stole the Electric Car? , DVD Sony Pictures, 2006.

43. Bruce de Palma website, www.depalma.pair.com

44. See www.deepcreekyachtclub.com, home page; www.hotbutteredrum.com, home page among many other corroborating sources.

45. Lightning in His Hand, The Life Story of Nikola Tesla, Inez Hunt and Wanetta Draper, Omni Publications, Hawthorne, Ca. 1981, pg. 53, 54.

Conspiracy Theory? No ─ Conspiracy Fact!

46. George W. Bush, in a White House Press Release, Washington, D.C. August 5, 2004.

47. Pastor Niemeiller, survivor of two Nazi concentration camps, Sachsenhausen and Dachau.

48. Sir Josiah Stamp, President, Bank of England, an address at the University of Texas, 1927, quoted in The Web of Debt, Ellen Dodgson Brown, page 2.

49. President Abraham Lincoln, quoted in G. Edward Griffin, The Creature from Jeckyll Island, American Media, 1994, pg. 389.

50. President Eisenhower, Farewell To the Nation Address, 1961.

51. President Kennedy, Address to the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, April 27, 1961.

The Solution The Time is Now!

52. Stanley Milgrim, Obedience to Authority: An Experimental View. The experiment began at Yale University in July 1961, during the trial in Jerusalem of Nazi war criminal Adolph Eichmann.

53. Leuren Moret, Connecting the Dots, DVD.

54. Henry Kissinger,quoted in Leuren Moret, Connecting the Dots, DVD.

55. Gerry Rubin, quoted in Marilyn Ferguson, The Aquarian Conspiracy, Jeremy Tarcher, 1980, pg. 206.

56. www.snopes.com

57. Bob Dylan, " Blowin' in the Wind," from the album Freewheelin', 1963.

58. See Appendix 2, "The Creation of Money, The Creation of Debt."

59. The Gulf Island Driftwood, letter to the editor entitled, "Message from India". October 3, 2007, p.10.

60. Lord Martin Exeter, David Thatcher, Earthrise, Foundation House, 1987, p. 62.

The Vista Ahead:

61. Amma and Bhagavan, founders, Oneness University.

62. www.Fire the Grid.com

63. Photograph by Lucy Pringle, July 16, 2007, www.lucypringle.co.uk

64. William Shakespeare, Julius Caesar, Act 4, Scene 3, lines 218-224

Appendices:

Banking, Corporations, The Gregorian Calendar:

65. Meyer Rothschild, in Silas Adams The Legalized Crime of Banking, Omni Publications, 1958, pg. 28.

66. President Abraham Lincoln, as quoted in G. Edward Griffin, The Creature from Jekyll Island, American Media, 1994, p. 384.

67. Marriner Eccles, Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, before the House Banking and Currency Committee, Sept. 30, 1941.

68. Prof. J. Hotson, professor of economics, Waterloo University, "Towards a Stable Financial System for Canada."

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For those who believe,
No words are necessary.
For those who do not believe,
No words are possible.

St. Ignatius of Loyola

May Grace overflow through our lives and quickly fill the gap between belief and non-belief with Love.